

# DISTRACTIONS, OR *The Hol<sup>y</sup> Madnesse.*

Feruently ( not Furiously )  
inraged against Euill Men; or  
against their Euills.

Wherin the Naughty are disco-  
vered to themselves, and Others : and  
maye like see at once, Who they Are ;  
What they Doe ; And How

Somewha<sup>t</sup> Delightfull, but Fruitfull  
al together : as Ordred to please  
a little ; but Aymed to  
profit much.

---

By I O H N G A V L E,  
*Vtriusque olim Academie.*

---



L O N D O N,

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DISTRICTIOM

BY THE MUSEUM

FOR THE EXHIBITION  
OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM,  
AND OF THE  
MUSEUM OF THE  
BRITISH ASSOCIATION.



BY THE MUSEUM  
OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.



BY THE MUSEUM

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TO  
THE RIGHT  
HONOURABLE  
BAPTIST Lord  
Hicks, Baron of Umington,  
Viscount Camden; Health,  
Honour, Happiness,  
both in this, and a  
better Life.

*My Honourable good Lord,*

**A** T H V S  
(as I am  
bound) bethink  
me. Whose ought  
A 4 Mine

*The Epistle*

Mine to be, but  
whose I am my  
selfe ? To accept  
the Parent, is ( I  
presume ) not to  
refuse the Brood.  
It is but my Duty,  
to beget any thing  
to your seruice :  
and shall bee your  
Goodnesse , to  
vouchsafe it enter-  
tainment. I must  
confesse, it had bin  
better, this win-  
dy

*Dedictatory.*

dy~~so~~ Eggen should  
hauer beene past  
in the Shell ; than  
been hatcht vnder  
your Lordships  
Wings. It is a  
common Fault ,  
and somes besid  
me, bewaile toge-  
ther with me : Ah  
that ~~of~~ such our  
worthlesse Brats,  
so wondedly creep  
into so honourable  
Bosomes ! What  
A~~s~~ ouer-

*The Epistle*

ouer-insolence is  
it of ours; that we  
dare to shroud vs  
there, where wee  
ought rather feare  
to bee detected.

This is more than  
Boldnesse, that I  
presume now a  
Patron for my  
Worke. It shall  
be but Duty, that  
I endeuour once  
a Worke for my  
Patron. VWhat  
haue

*Dedicatory.*

haue I here set  
before you ; but  
what your selfe  
(before me) haue  
not onely noted,  
but hated also ;  
Mens Vanities,  
and Euils ? Oh  
pardon, that I pre-  
sent your Lord-  
ship with what  
you like not to  
behold : I shall so  
be tied to make  
amends with what

(I)

*The Epistle*

(I know) you loue  
to embrace.

To Praise you  
(as they vse) for  
your Pietie, Gra-  
uitie, Bountie,  
Clemencie; would  
be thought to flat-  
ter you : To haue  
named you is (in  
all these) to haue  
praised you. Yet  
will I (maugre all  
such their imputa-  
tion, or exception).

pray

*Dedicatory.*

pray for you. May  
your Lordship  
liue long dayes,  
and good: yea, ha-  
uing now attained  
to a good age ; let  
it yet be added to  
your dayes. May  
your iustest Ho-  
nour (maugré the  
mutability of these  
rolling Globes, &  
Times) neuer be  
destitute of Conti-  
nuance with En-  
large-

*The Epistle &c.*

largement. May  
you lastly, for Ho-  
nour terrestriall,  
and fading; enjoy  
an Happinesse ce-  
lestiall, and with  
eternity. So praiers,  
and vowes

*Your Honours*

*devoted and*

*dutifull Chaplaine,*

*John Gayle.*



TO  
THE WISE,  
and Good, a few  
Words before-hand ;  
and they in their owne  
Words, the Words  
of Sobernelle and  
Truth.

OU, the  
recouered  
Sons of a  
once-Fallen Father ;  
SEA, the recounted  
Sones of a Father  
euer-

euer-liuing : whose  
Soules bee batb so  
Gratioufly intight-  
ned, so inflamed ;  
and so made you, as  
I said (in your  
Manner, and Mea-  
sure) both Wise, and  
Good. You are (I  
beleue no lesse, and  
as much reioyce) as  
fresh Fish, in this  
salt Sea ; as tried  
Gold, or this candred  
Droffe ; as purifying  
Fires

Fires amidst these  
noysome Dunghills.  
You are indeed pickt  
out for Fish ; yet  
is there (you know,  
and grieve) much  
Soyle beside you :  
You are sowne for  
Wheat ; and (ha-  
las ! ) what Tares  
come vp among you ?  
Woe, woe ! There  
will bee Goats ;  
though you be markt  
for Sheepe. To you

The Epistle

I come (so please you  
bid me, for you need  
me not) in the Spi-  
rit of Meeknesse :  
The Rod only is laid  
upon the Backs it  
was made for ; the  
Backs of Faoles.  
Nor to those come  
I this only ; but euен  
otherwise, as I see oc-  
casioп. The Phyſi-  
tian of the Body u-  
ſeth not the ſame  
Meaneſ to heale all :

Nor,

Dedicatory.

2

Nor, with that other, and better of  
the Soule, is there one  
way to winne all. To  
yeeld to Some, is  
(by that meanes)  
to gaine them to  
ourselues. That  
come to Men in their  
owne Words; is to  
bring Men to your  
Minds. Tis but  
my Bait I haue  
somewhat ordered to  
their Appetite: you  
see

The Epistle

I come (so please you  
bid me, for you need  
me not) in the Spi-  
rit of Meeknesse :  
The Rod only is laid  
upon the Backs it  
was made for ; the  
Backs of Fooles.  
Nor so those come  
thus only ; but euен  
otherwise, as I see oc-  
cation. The Phyſi-  
tian of the Body u-  
ſeth not the ſame  
Meanes to heale all :

Nor,

## Dedicatory.

Nor, with that o-  
ther, and better of  
the Soule, is there one  
way to winne all. To  
yeeld to Some, is  
(by that meanes)  
to gaine them to  
ourselues. That  
come to Men in their  
owne Words ; is to  
bring Men to your  
Minds. Tis but  
my Bait I haue  
somewhat ordered to  
their Appetite : you  
see

see how my Hook is, u  
hang upon. Let my  
aiming excuse me;  
and noe my Sayings,  
or Seeming only can  
sure mee before you.  
Never was iegbar  
allowed, by chuse  
but lauded euer;  
so to stoope to o-  
thers; as thereby  
to raile them vp.  
Our Holy Lord  
vouch safed himselfe  
to be made like vs;

so

to make not like  
unto himselfe: would  
make upon him our  
My Offices; so to  
ring vs to his holy  
Mysteries. What  
did that Great Do-  
ctor of himselfe?  
To the weake be-  
came I as weake,  
that I might gaine  
the weake: I am  
made all things to  
all men, that I  
might by all means  
saue

faue some. What  
should I say of an-  
cient Authors, of  
holy Fathers; that  
haue writ of weake  
things, of graue  
things weakly; and  
both to instruct the  
Weake? Besides  
their loue to Good-  
nesse and Truth; it  
was some Art of  
theirs to follo: bēnd  
themselves to others,  
as to draw on others

to themselues. To hit a  
man home a little in  
his own humour; bath  
oft beene the way to  
stoop to his Capacitie,  
to touch his Affection-  
ons. Let it then be at  
leastwise excusable, so  
to let a Man under-  
stand what he is ; as  
thereby to bring him  
to what he ought to  
be. Let no man judge  
me light, by my  
Lookes ; my Face

(I meane) and  
Forefront: A more  
weighty, and pro-  
founder Title of a  
Booke, the Subject  
and Stile accord-  
ing; I obserue (for  
I haue already been  
so occasioned) haue  
soone tired, nay quite  
deserred a Common  
Ready: Let not the  
Better bee against  
me, such Libus would  
winne on the Worse.

What

What euer the Most  
may muster against  
mee ; my hope is,  
the Best will say  
sometyme for mee ;  
against whom I  
ought , I can say  
nothing : I know  
(through the impos-  
sibilitie of pleasing  
all) I cannot but dis-  
please some. Who  
can say so well, and  
warily, which all  
will approve of ;

A 7 nay

nay which many  
will not eu'en mis-  
like : Let no reue-  
rend Father, no lo-  
wing Brother (whom  
I bumbly obserue,  
whom be artily I em-  
brace) say me male-  
contents ; and there-  
fore moued : (as  
haue alſo beone many  
in this Munde, and  
Mood.) Against or  
besides our State, and  
Churche, nor haue I  
read,

read, haue & obser-  
ued; doe I iudge, doe  
& acknowledge any;  
so iustly Humane, so  
religiously Diuine.

Accept my Words  
upon my Faith; & I  
labour to looke to,  
and satisfie mee with  
my selfe: & enuy no  
Man, & inueigh a-  
gainst no more.

Nor shall the For-  
raine Cauiller up-  
braide vs with our  
selues:

selues : If say not so  
of this our Land a  
lone. No : I am a  
better Bird than so  
to defile mine own  
Nest my selfe, by  
saying it so foule. I  
dare say, other Na  
tions, and their  
Manners, doe (in  
a manner) instifie vs,  
and ours. Yea and  
our Publican Sins  
(If persuade me) in  
this our Church, shall

rise

rise up in Judgement  
against the Phari-  
saicall Righteous-  
nesse of that other,  
of theirs. Yet are  
not wee the Better;  
that they are the  
Worse. Nor are  
wee the lesse to be  
blamed; though they  
be the more to be ab-  
horred. Let me then  
disclose to them  
their Abominations,  
in our Infirmities.

V Vee

VVee may toge-  
ther shame O-  
thers, and blame  
our Selues. And  
now, you againe the  
Wise ones and Good!  
if I shall doe (in any  
wbit) well, and wor-  
thy you ; afford it  
your Fauour: if other-  
wise, be pleased yet  
to Pardon it. So I  
leave you, whom I  
bumbly craue ; and  
come to those, whom

F.

*Frightly challenge to  
be my Readers.*



A  
P R E F A C E  
A P O L O G E T I C A L L  
To his Readers, touching  
Himselfe ; yea and some-  
what Satyricall to the Readers  
toucheth : Where the Man so  
Distraught, tells them all together ;  
the Manner, Motive, Maine  
end, and Method of  
his Madnesse.

*My Readers.*

**M**E thinkes I  
heare each  
of you askc  
with A-  
C H I S H ; *Hau<sup>e</sup> f*  
*need of mad men?*

B Not

Not one inferres with  
FESTVS; Much  
Learning doth make  
thee mad. Whether  
you haue need of the  
Former; Sure I am, I  
haue need of the Other,  
and to no other end. I  
tell you true, I want Wit  
to be out of my Wits.  
*It is other than Folly, and  
Rage, is required to an  
Holy Madnesse.* Nay but  
I may take those Two  
vnto me; for I am Mad  
outright. I had as good  
say it, as heare it. They  
haue likewise said, of  
Other,

O hich and better than I  
Hauē I need of mad  
men, that yee haue  
brought this Fellow  
to play me Mad  
man in my presence?

said the gabbling King  
of G A T H, of One that  
wisely assumed such  
Behaūt for his bet-  
ter Safety. Where-  
fore came this Mad  
Fellow to thee? said  
the Sermons to I E H V,  
touching the Prophet,  
that came about a Bu-  
finer and Weight and  
buA B 2 Worth:

Woman : This Mad Fel-  
lour (say they) and  
wherefore came hee ?  
Though ( as it was  
told them ) they knew  
both the *Man*, and  
his *Communication*.

PROVEL ! Thou art  
beside thy selfe :  
laid a new Succeeding,  
and ( perhaps ) a new  
Gaping Gouernour ; to  
One that well answered  
for himselfe : I am not  
mad ; but speake  
forib the words of  
Truth, & Sobernesse.  
And

And ( which I abhorre  
to repeat ) the w<sup>t</sup>orst in  
this w<sup>t</sup>ise, was said of  
Him, that was the best  
of All : *Hee bath a*  
*Deuill, and is mad.*  
*Wicked men, and wileſſe ;*  
*iudge of Others, and Beſ-*  
*ters, by themſelues. Them-*  
*ſelues are Graceleſſe ; and*  
*the reſt ( they twinke )*  
*are Reasonleſſe. The Wiſ-*  
*dome they apprehend not ;*  
*they ſay, is Folly. Hee*  
*does Fooliſhly, that does*  
*beside their Drift. Hee*  
*talkes Nonsense, that*  
*ſpeakes beyond their Con-*

ceit, (The ferment) (with  
them) were Furious: They  
coult of Zeale, but as  
Rage: And the Saints  
Earnestnesse, they call his  
Madnesse. HANNAH  
is Deuout; and is so  
thought DRVNKEN: And  
They were said to bee  
Full of new Wine;  
that were filled with the  
Holy Ghost. Be a man  
Deuout or Zealous; the  
world will daunce him  
either Drunk, or Mad.  
Are ye so Mad; to think  
and say so madly of vs?  
yours (if any) is the  
tiss      r. 8.      Mad-

Madnesse : Why nut  
ree others with your  
owne Brand? Marke  
but who hath marked  
you: *I will smite thee*  
*with Madnesse.* The  
*Vise Man laid it of wic-*  
*ked men ; Madnesse*  
*is in their heart,*  
*while they liue.* Take  
now your Tongues  
from vs ; turne them  
against your selues. You  
had as good yeeld to  
confesse at first ; as you  
shall bee constrained at  
last: *We Fooles coun-*

ted his life Madnesse. Themselues are Mad; and they call vs so: that are not Mad, saue mad at them. Shall I moane mee with him in the COMEDIAN? Ay me! they say I am Mad; when none so mad, as they. No. As the PSALMIST rather: *F said vnto the Fooles, deale not so madly:* Then doubtlesse they would not make me Mad. I enioy their Madness, while I seeke to thinne it:

Let

let them care to heed  
me, and they may doe so  
as they minc.

But (as I tell you) I  
have taken vpon me,  
to play the Mad man.  
Though not with Him,  
hat did so, for his  
owne safeguard: But to  
so laute others, hattie  
I done it. As was said  
of their Ignorance, and  
Delusion: So let mee  
say according to my  
Knowledge, and Zeale:  
*The Prophet is a  
Foole, the Spirituall  
Man is Mad; for  
B 5 the*

the multitude of  
thine Iniquity, and  
the great Hatred.  
In my sense; a Foole  
and Mad am I: for the  
great Hatred I haue to  
thine Iniquite. My  
Aime is, and therefore  
my hope is, I may here  
say with Him; Whether  
wee bee besides  
our selues; it is to  
God: or whether we  
be Sober, it is for  
your Cause. I am in-  
different what I seeme to  
be, so it be for Gods glory,  
and

and his Childrens Good.  
The erruth then is; I am  
as I ought ) thus di-  
straught : For I am  
both Warranted, and  
Vrged to it.

Warranted. The Pro-  
phets, and Holy men,  
(as they were com-  
manded) haue gone vp  
and downe, some Na-  
ked, some Chained,  
some Loaded, some  
Wounded : One in a  
passion, lets fall the Ta-  
bles ; Another to pur-  
pose breakes his Bones ;  
One will needs haue  
another to smite him.

Ano-

Another cannot but  
must needs smite ano-  
ther. They haue be-  
dusted their Heads, be-  
smeared their Faces, be-  
slauered their Beards:  
They scrabbled with  
their Fingers, tore their  
Haires, rent their  
**Cloathes**; and (like  
Mad Men) threw dust  
into the aire. The Saints  
of God haue beeene some-  
times possessed with a  
Divine Fury. Our stran-  
gest Motions, & Gestures  
(such as men commonly  
mocke, and irke) God  
oft times both bids, and  
likes.

kes. Euen the Vncom-  
plete and Abruptnesse, of  
our both Passions, and  
Affections, serue to discouer  
our Zeale, our Indigna-  
tion, our Devotion. The  
Prophet tooke him a  
FILE, pourtrayed the  
CITY, laid a SIEGE,  
built a FORT, cast a  
MOUNT, and set a  
CAMP against it. He  
likewise CUT OFF  
his Haire, WEIGHED  
his Haire, DIVIDED  
his Haire : BYRNT a  
part in the Fire, SMOTE  
a part with a Knife,  
SCATTERED a part  
in

## THE PREFACE.

in the Wind ; am  
BOVND a Remnant  
his Skirts. This wa  
(may I say) a mystical  
kind of Madnesse. Fe  
haue seene him thus  
writing vpon a Tile  
thus busied about his  
*Haire* : who would  
not haue thought him  
mad , that knew no  
what hee meant ? He  
that bath made the Foo  
lish things of this worke  
to confute the Wise ; bath  
his good Purposes , in the  
idle Acts , and (as we  
would thinke) but full  
couth and abrupt Beha  
uiours

ours of men. In the  
folisshnesse of our Do-  
gs, as of our Preachings,  
in God his wise Att, and  
Advs. God hath stirred  
p. weake Actions in his  
Saints and Servants ; so  
stirre up the weake.  
those Practices of theirs  
that have borne shew of  
weaknesse in their Wor-  
king ; were not without  
forth in their Meaning ;  
and have had Weight in  
their Effect.

Vrged. None but  
stocks, but may be mo-  
ved : Especially, how  
ight were to be forged  
against

against Iniquities? I haue  
cause enough to make  
me mad : Nay, should  
I be so, so oft as I haue  
cause ; I should never  
be but mad. How un-  
quiet shall he be (yea eu-  
ncessantly so) the mo-  
tion of whose owne Affe-  
ctions must depend vpon  
others Euils ? What mo-  
ment shall it be, in which  
there will not be to move  
him ? Besides himselfe ;  
euен all are alwayes ready  
to prouoke him. Unhappy  
be ! when so many mad  
him. I could (with  
Others) haue been sad,  
and

and Merry ; but I haue  
choken ( by my Selfe )  
to bee Mad at Euills.  
While *Iehu* comes vp  
against *Iezabel* ; what  
should he but *Driue*  
*Furiously* ? but ( as  
there ) march on in  
*Madnesse*? There  
is a mad Knot of Euills  
in the World ; and they  
aske a mad Wedge to  
sunder them. I will  
( and spare not ) both  
Launce, and Scare : Nor  
shal the Diseased howle,  
and bawle at mee ; but  
rather thankc himselfe.

An

An intemperate Patient,  
and obstinate, makes, and  
needs a Physician both  
hard and harsh. I am  
sorry for Heraclitus;  
that was so Sad him-  
selfe : because others  
( hee saw ) were Bad.  
Shall euery Bad man,  
make mee a Sad man?  
When ( I maruell ) shall  
hee be Merry ; whom  
others Euill may afflict?  
This were to hurt my  
selfe, and doe them no  
good. Alas too tender  
Philosopher ! himselfe  
was to be wept for ;  
that so wept for others.

augh (in like manner) Democritus, that mock-  
ing Philosopher; that  
ade such tests at mens  
earnest, How should  
a think how serious  
that thought all ridicu-  
lous? I rather like (with  
Lamprocus) to mix both,  
and fall a Madding: to  
put upon me the very  
Face of a Fury: and (as a  
Spirit come from Hell)  
to give the Devils notice  
of mens mischievous-  
ness. There are Evils in  
the world, to be Sad at,  
Merry at, Mad at. Wee  
cannot but waile at mens  
Miseries,

Miseries, but smile  
their Vanities, but rage  
their Iniquities. Error  
may prouoke vs; but Im-  
pieties will irrage.

Aske now no more  
with *Achish*; I answere  
you at once; You have  
all need of Mad men.  
The Divine Fury is rea-  
dy against you; The  
Furies of Hell are ready  
for you; a yelling Fury  
of your owne is within  
you: Oh suffer another  
Fury, & shun the other;  
an Holy Fury! An Holy  
Fury, to spie out your  
Evils in your Hearts; to  
tell

them to your Teeth; curse them before our Faces ; to rend em from your Soules; damne them to their ell. Neuer more need f Mad men, than now dayes. No Fiercenesse of men can be enough to curse, and damne the now innes of men : No Fury under Heauen ; none boone Hell , is enough to plague them. I will as disorderly reckon the Disorders of our dayes.

Now are the Evil Dayes; the Perillous Times:

Times: for now, The whole world lieth in wickednesse. Since the World was, never was the World so wicked as now. It was once the Wickednesse of a World; but is now a World of Wickednesse. The Wickedness that once was, was concluded in a Garden; but the whole World cannot containe the Wickednesse that now is. Nay, the Wickednesse that now is, can containe a whole World: For so he sayes, The whole World li-

b in wickednesse :  
nd not Wickednesse only  
a World. The World  
as a Seat of Wicked-  
esse ; but Wickednesse is  
ecome a Continent of the  
World. Quite against the  
Rule of Reason, the Acci-  
dent is the receptacle for  
the Subject. Wee are now  
the worst Generation of  
Men : Even they upon  
whom the Euill Dayes are  
come indeed. Our Fathers  
haue left their Faults be-  
hind them : which of Euils  
in them at first ; are be-  
come Examples to vs af-  
ter

ter them. Wickednesse is now not onely Done, but Taught. Ungodliness is growne to a Fashion: Iniquitie and Euill is so generally, customarily, publicly taken vp: that to be Wicked now, is not onely made pardonable, but thought commendable amongst vs. Wee haue exceeded our Forefathers Euill: and (for our Time) haue set vp Sinne at so high a Pitch; that it were impossible to thinke how Posterity shoud add unto our Iniquities. And this is the woe of all; that

Men

Men are irrecoverably  
Euill. Their corruption  
hatb brought them to a  
custome ; their custome  
to an Obsturacy; their Ob-  
stinacie to a Necessitie  
of being Euill : and that  
Necessity of being Euill,  
to an impossibility of be-  
ing otherwise. As a Di-  
uine Philosopher to his  
Friend ; When thou shalt  
see ( said hee ) a Multi-  
tude in a Market, Theatre,  
or like frequented place ;  
thinke with thy selfe,  
there are as many Vices,  
as Men. I say besides ;  
in a Play-house, Ex-  
C change,

change, Hall, Court, and Church ; there is euera greater throng of Sinnes, than Men. For, amongst the throngs of Men, euery Man bath his throng of Sinnes. Not to the Heads of Men only, but to the Haires of their beards, may their Sinnes beenumbred. Men were neuer so many, but one man might reckon all the rest : But the Sins of one man, are more than he can count; much more, than for which he can giue account. What say we of men, and their Sins? You cannot reckon

ken more Nations, than  
you may Abhominations.  
Besides the Barbarous  
People, whose Religion it  
is, to doe Devils worship ;  
whose Law, to doe Men  
Wrong : Wee speake of  
these more Ciuitall, more  
Christian Parts. Lo  
here ! Euery Nation (as  
I said, and I cannot say  
more fitly) his Abhomi-  
nation. The Germane  
Gluttonous, the Italian  
Irefull, the Spaniard  
Proud, the Frenchman  
Effeminate, the Dutch-  
man Deceitfull, the Irish-  
man Idle, the Scottish-

man Soothing, and the Englishman (alas the Englishman!) Evil. Observe all manner of Men, and their Manners. Turks are Barbarous, Jewes Malicious, and Christians (ab Christians!) Hypocriticall.

I may say of Any, or of All. Iniquity abounds in all both Nations, Persons, Actions: In all which Innocence is not onely rare, but none at all. Hee spake but too true of these Times, and Crimes of ours: In the last dayes, perillous Times shall come.

come. For men shall  
bee louers of their  
owneselues, Couetous,  
Boasters, Proud,  
Blasphemers, Dis-  
obedient to Parents,  
Unthankfull, Vn-  
holy, without natu-  
rall Affection, Truce-  
breakers, false Ac-  
cusers, Incontinent,  
Fierce, Despisers of  
thosethat are Good,  
Traitors, Heady,  
High minded, Lo-

uers of Pleasures,  
more than louers of  
God, Hauing a  
forme of Godlinesse,  
but denying the  
Power tbereof. In  
these Dayes, Men are  
Borne, Liue, and Die vnto  
themselves : And are  
become such strange Lou-  
uers of themselves ; that  
beside themselves, loue  
they neither God, nor  
Man. Their owne Lusts  
only loue they as their  
lives. Those vices of  
theirs that please them,  
they maintaine : Will

out-face, rather than ac-  
knowledge them : rather  
approue, than forsake  
them. Every man now for  
himselfe: Nay, every man  
now one against another.  
All wilde and sausage  
Ismaels, His band against  
every Man, and every  
mans band against him.  
His Brothers Knife, at  
his Brothers Throat : his  
Brothers Sword, in his  
Brothers fide. Stranger is  
not safe with Stranger :  
Nor is Kinne secure with  
Kinne : And louing Bre-  
thren are as Blacke  
Swans. The Godly man

## THE PREFACE.

most of all, is ( in this world of wicked ones ) as a Lilly amongst Thornes; as a Sheepe in the midst of Wolues: With I O B, a Brother to Dragons; and with E Z E K I E L, a Neighbour to Scorpions: A L O T in Sodome; a J O S E P H in Egypt; an I S R A E L in Babylon. Must either be drawn to doe Euill; or forced to endure it. All that is in this World, is either Snares, or Preyes: There is no way for vs to escape our selues; but by seeking to intrap others. The world

world is come to such a  
passe ; that wee must ei-  
ther doe Wrong, or take  
Wrong; Kill, or be Killed;  
Deceiue, or be Deceiued.

Religion ( it is mani-  
fest ) is but taken up un-  
der hand : while Pietie,  
and Honesty lie so under  
foot. They make some  
Profession ; that so they  
may wrong with lesse  
Suspition. Men walke like  
Foxes in Lambes skins,  
that they may the rather  
deceiue : and come like  
Wolues in Sheeps Cloa-  
thing, that so they may be  
sooner deuoure. Pharisee-

C 5 : like,

like, Cleane Outfides, Su-  
painted Sepulchers, whi-  
ted Walls; they deuoure  
*Widowes Houses*,  
vnder pretence of  
long Prayers. And  
what more foule Iniqui-  
tie, than this so fained  
Sanctity? How horribly  
doe men belie their Vices?  
Their Pride, they call  
Gracefulness; their Flat-  
tering, Courtesie; their  
Tyranny, Justice; their  
Auarice, Thrift; their  
Lewdnesse, Pleasantnesse;  
their Profusenesse, Boun-  
ty; and their Craft and  
Sub-

Subtilty, call they Policy,  
and Discretion. It was  
neuer good World since  
Vice went in Vertues  
Name, and Habit.

The Manners of Men  
haue now brought  
Lawes themselves into  
their Subiection. Neuer  
more Lawes ; none more  
Lawlesse, than now adayes.  
What Offences are done  
daily before the Barre of  
Iustice ? Right is but lit-  
tle Defended, euen where  
Right seemes to bee most  
Reserued. Lawes are  
bought, and sold : And be  
commonly hath the best  
Penny-

Penny-worth of Law,  
that hath the worst Cause.  
Lawes are so many, and  
so abused ; that they are  
made to discourse, and dis-  
pute Truth, and Right.  
Whereas were they fewer,  
and well executed ; they  
would easily and readily  
determine, and command  
them both. Nor doth a  
Common wealth labour  
so in the multitude of  
Lawes, as of Lawyers. (I  
speake not of iust Judges,  
and equall Officers of the  
Law. ) But of cunning  
Catchpoles, and hungry  
Pettifoggers ; that ( like  
swarmes

swarmes of Flies) pester,  
and infest a land. These  
( if you knew all ) haue  
robbed many a Church,  
wronged many a Widow,  
starued many an Orphan,  
and vndone many an ho-  
nest Man. In foule stirres,  
and Contentions of Men,  
these i trust iiii for more  
filthy Aduocates. Of these  
I say ; Many Lawyers,  
many Wranglers. Else,  
how shold these men liue,  
that are raised by others  
ruines ; did they not make  
worke for themselves.  
These Seminaries of Dis-  
sention, haue a Camill, or a  
Quirke,

Quirke, to make the Law  
it selfe ( which indeed is  
Rule of Peace ) set Men at  
oddes; and keep them so. as  
when you send your Water  
to a needy Empiricke, you  
must resolute to take Pby-  
sickē: so declare your case  
to one of these greedie  
Catchpoles, and you must  
needs goe to Law. Nay,  
hee tells you what wrong  
you haue done your selfe  
hitherto: and all to bring  
you ( by his meanes ) to  
doe your selfe, and others  
Wrong. You ( like silly  
Sleepe ) take this Bryar-  
Bush to shelter you; and  
be

ee all to tatters your  
Fleece : you two must  
uggé together ere you  
part. His is the Gaine on-  
ly in the end, yours (per-  
haps) both the Losse, and  
Shame.

This is also a sore euill  
under the Sunne : Ver-  
ue is set after Wealth  
Wealth gets up a Cockey-  
horse ; while Vertue but  
holds the Stirrop. Lear-  
ning is made but a Page  
to Riches. The Golden  
Asse is worshipped ; the  
Ragged Philosopher is  
contemned. Let a man be  
Religious, Vertuous, Lear-  
ned,

ned, Wise ; yet this thing  
is thought to preiudice bu  
best Parts ; that hee is  
Poore : But let him bee  
Impious, Vicious, Clow-  
nish, Foolish ; yet that  
he is Rich, makes amends  
for all the Rest. A Man  
without Money, is abhor-  
red like a Monster : but  
adored as a Goddesse, i  
Money without a Man.  
This same Goddesse  
Wealthe, bewitches vs all  
to her Worship. For her  
wee plot, and pray ; and  
ride, and run ; and digge,  
and begge. For base Lu-  
cres sake, wee are ready

to embrace an Enemy, and  
fall at ods with a Friend.  
So ours be the Gaine, wee  
expect not whose is the  
Losse ; yea though the  
Losse proue our Soules at  
last.

The World turns round  
in a Topsie-Turuy ; and  
euery Tbing goes the  
wrong way to worke. The  
Affe is got to a Harpe ;  
Phaeton will be climb-  
ing ; and Icarus must goe  
flic. Every man irkes his  
owne Lot : is weary of his  
present Condition : No-  
thing is more tedious to  
him, than himselfe. Nor  
can

can be containe him with-  
in the pale of his proper bo-  
Calling. Art bath got a ike  
tricke to force Nature. Son-  
Euery Man considereth  
what he Aimes at ; not me-  
what he is Apt for. Mer-  
cury is made out of euery  
Logge. Dunses goe for  
Scholars ; Wretches are  
prest for Souldiers ; Idiots  
vsurpe Autboritie ; and  
Knaues creepe into Offi-  
ces : Taylorstake Orders ;  
and Weauers will bee  
Priests. Frogs professe  
Physicke. Wherein is a  
Mans least Skill ; that is  
his whole Professiion. Men  
trauell

auell in vntimely Births,  
perilous labour in vnapt Actions :  
like Channels without a  
Conduit ; turne Teachers,  
when they yet both might,  
and ought to Learne. They  
usually come armed to the  
Church ; goe naked to the  
Campe : sing at a Func-  
tional ; mourne at a Wed-  
ding : study hard in a  
Play-house ; sit fiddling in  
a Senate-house : earnest in  
a May-Game ; and slacke  
upon their Service. One  
takes vpon him to swim  
over Hellespont on a  
Horse ; Another aymest to  
ascend Athos in a Ship :

One

## THE PREFACE.

One lies him downe selfe  
sleeps in a Waggon ; Ano-  
ther will goe a iourney a  
his Bed. One takes butter  
Pease on his Knife point  
Another eats Eggs with  
Spoonnes. Bid him speake  
& he is mute : say Whist  
and he babbles. He writes  
Politicks, ere he yet com-  
into a Common-wealth ;  
Commands peremptorily,  
wheres he hath small Au-  
thoritie ; flatly Deter-  
mines, what he least con-  
ceives. Who knoweth him-  
selfe ? who bath himselfe ?  
who enters into himselfe ?  
who keepes within him-  
selfe ?

walfe ? who seekes not  
himselfe without? No man  
measures himselfe by his  
owne Feet ; by his owne  
parts is no man measured.  
Ffes preferre Straw, to  
Gold: and Dunghill Birds  
Barly Corne, to a preti-  
ous Pearle. Baser things  
are esteemed, and frequen-  
ted : Better things they  
either know how to  
prize, nor use. Fooles  
and Idiots, let fall Sub-  
stances, to catch at Sha-  
dowes : let the Bird goe  
out of band, and keepe a  
beating about the Bush.  
Uncertainties are the  
most

## THE PREFACE.

most certaine Purchaser  
All turne Merchant Adventurers, (for Places  
Offices, Dignities; Temporal, Ecclesiastical) and  
buy long Hopes, with so  
large Price. How many of  
fondly both adventure  
and undoe themselves, to  
be well spoken of? Speak  
him but faire to his Face  
and you may haue his  
Heart out. His Table fur  
nishes him with Friends;  
and they likewise his Ta  
ble. And now the Cloth  
scarce taken vp, but they  
are ready to rise. Men  
are all for the present:

And

and for that, so as it be  
commodious. What hath  
formerly beeene, is now  
forgotten. There is in-  
deed a quicke Apprehen-  
son, but no good Memory  
of one anothers Acts, and  
Offices. If he cannot so  
doe, as he hath done ; he  
shall not be so thought, as  
he was. Former things  
are Frosted. An old  
Dogge shall bee hanged ;  
an old Seruing-Man dis-  
carded ; and an old Friend  
neglected : notwithstanding  
they haue beeene for-  
merly so Vsefull, Painfull,  
Beneficiall. A man cannot

tell

tell whom to trust to ; no  
how to beleue him. Beside  
what his Heart imagines  
and Tongue utters ; but  
very Face betokens Fal-  
hood. Hee'll blow hot, and  
cold both with a wind.  
Say, and unsay, nay gain-  
say with a Breath. Will  
promise Mountaines, and  
performe Mole-hills : and  
tell you of more in a Mi-  
nute, than you shall finds  
in a Yeare. Nay ( which  
is worst ) will both Say  
well, and Doe well in De-  
ceit. As, many a man  
hath had a Good Turne  
done him : not altogether

to benefit ; but to blinde,  
and bewitch him rather.

A Man speakes a good  
word for his Friend, and  
two for himselfe : And  
commonly so advises him,  
as to bring his owne ends  
about. Two men contend  
together, and a Thrid ar-  
bitrates to either losse.  
Like Dogges, they snarle  
at one another, till the  
Bone bee snatcht away  
from both. Great men easi-  
ly take occasion to wrong  
Inferiours with authori-  
ty. And the Poore man  
hath offended enough ; in  
that hee is not able to de-

D fendi

fend himselfe. The Poore  
man must part with his  
owne Right; or else he  
gives not the great Lord  
his Due. Rich mens Su-  
perfluitie are growne en-  
uious vpon Poore mens Ne-  
cessities. Like Dogges in  
Mangiers ; they haue no  
need of it, they haue no  
will to it ; and yet they  
keepe the poore Cattell  
from their Fodder. If a  
Man bee once downe the  
Hill ; euery Man is apt to  
depresso him further. Once  
gored in the Body of his  
Estate, how many Hounds  
pursue him, and trace him  
still

still by the bloud of his  
Wound? He is soone made  
more miserable ; that is  
once so. None bath lesse  
paid him, than he, to whom  
most is due. Whom his  
Piety doth most com-  
mend ; him doth their  
Charitie least reward. It  
is both the Rule and Pra-  
etice, to repell Force with  
Force : and repay Craft  
with Craft. So are we  
wont to doe to others, as  
we see they haue done; not  
as we would they shoulde  
doe, to vs. Doe a Man  
Good; and thus is thankes  
enough, that hee doth thee

no Hurt. How many are ready to reward Euill for Good : and to wrong him most, of whom he best deserued ? What Spiders Webbes are here in the World? Turbulent Wasps burst through ; while Impotent Gnats are intangled. The Gallowes groanes for great Theeues ; and small Theeues only groane vp on the Gallowes. What one Man doth, is a Fault, and Punished : What som my doe, is thought well, though worse. Tis strange, that the Greatnesse, and Generality of a Crime ; should

should make it seeme lesse  
mischieuous, lesse misera-  
ble, lesse punishable. That  
belike is Lawfull, which  
comes once to be Common  
And ( which is last, and  
worst ) Men liue, at Mens  
lusts : So also, Men perish,  
at Mens pleasures. And  
to Kill, is both Courage,  
and Skill. Murder is  
made a Mans Art : and  
tis his Credit, to haue  
handsomely done the  
Deed. Besides those that  
are euill to others ; how  
many are so vnto them-  
selues ? How many Giants  
are there ; how many

Gulfs of their Estates? They carrie all vpon their Backes; These put all into their Bellies: these feed finely, and rot at a deare rate: They goe gayly, till they bee worth not aboue their wearings. He makes a God of his Belly; Hee a Channell of his Throat; He a Sinke of his Heart; He a Lyer of his Tongue; Hee a Theefe of his Fingers; He a Harlot of his Members. Yet (Oh despe-  
rate! Oh damnable!) say the Theefe, Drunkard, Blasphemer, Fornicator; their Thefts, Riots, Oaths,  
Lusts.

Lusts, are all (if sins) but  
Veniall Sinnes. No sinne  
is so great; but is lessened  
in his Opinion, by whose  
Mischief it is committed.  
Goodnesse and Truth haue  
not more Precepts, than  
Aduersaries thereunto.  
The Couetous man shrinks  
and shrugs, at a Lesson of  
Liberality: It irkes a  
Prodigall, to tell of Thrif-  
tiness: The Proud man  
endures not to hear of  
Humblenesse: The Ire-  
full hath no Patience, no  
not so much as to listen  
thereunto. The Theefe  
stops his ears at the

Charge of Inſtice : The  
desperate Cut-throat is  
ready to dispatch him  
ſirst, that would diſwade  
him from the Fact : Tu-  
tedious to talke of Chaste-  
neſſe before the Lustfull.  
And Soberneſſe to a Drun-  
kard, is but as a Tale of a  
Tubbe. These men will  
euery one ſooner marre  
the Rule, than mend their  
Fault. Wicked men will  
rather abhorre the Pre-  
cepts, than forsake their  
Offences. Precepts will  
doe no Good againſt  
them ; and Judgements  
but make them Worse.

I will leauē them therē  
fore to the Angels Iudge-  
ment; but indeed the De-  
uiſs Precept: *He that  
is filby, let him bee  
filby still.*

Mad? nay and Mad;  
and Mad againe. Who  
burnes not, starts not,  
fretts not? Whose Eares  
tingle not, Eyes sparkle  
not, loyns tremble not:  
*Oppression maketh  
a Wise man mad;*  
said the Wise Man: In-  
iquitie (say all Good  
men) will make a Good

D S Man

Man Mad. To heare,  
and see as I haue said,  
is enough to make Wise,  
or Good Men Melan-  
choly, Moued, Mad.  
It would make a Horse  
breake his Halter ; to  
see what Fidling, Piping,  
Morrice-dancing, Hob-  
by-horsing in a May-  
game : but to repeat the  
Vanities, and Euills of  
Men ; is able to fret a  
Man out of his Wits.  
*It is not possible to looke  
here upon others ; and  
yet be our Selues.*

Whether it come of  
a Melancholy, a Bloud,

a Choler ; it makes me Sad-mad, Merry-Mad, Mad-Mad. See me sometimes bemoaning, deriding, and execrating their Iniquities. Any wayes in the world, to tell Men how I lament, scorn, abhor their Euils. While I bewaile the Weak, smile at the Vaine, detest the Wicked ; am I so Sad, & Merry, & Mad.

Sad-Mad. Our Saviour (pardon to the comparison!) was ANGRY and GRIEVED together. The holy Prophets haue laid Ashes on

on their Heads, put Sackcloth on their Loynes ; smote their Thighes, and set their Eyes open, as flowing Fountaines, to gush out riuers of Tearcs ; and all because of others Iniquities. This is one of our Perfections, to be touched with others Euils, as our owne. Better to bee grieved at, than guilty of another Mans Sinne. Not to irke anothers Euill ; is as much, as to make it our owne. I shall doe no Man Wrong to bewaile his Wickednesse. I neceask him

him neither Leave, nor  
Pardon, to be sorry for  
him. It is a good fault; to  
afflict our selues, for o-  
thers Faults.

Merry-mad. God but  
mockt the Man; Be-  
bold, the Man is be-  
come as one of Us:  
And the Prophet, those  
Idolaters; Cry aloud,  
for he is a God &c.  
So the Wise-Man, the  
young Wanton, Re-  
joyce, O young man,  
in thy youth, &c.  
And the Sardous, the  
Traitor;

Traitor ; Friend,  
wherefore art thou  
come ? And so the  
picture of Patience , his  
Cauilling Companions ;  
No doubt but yee  
are the People ; and  
wisdome shalt die  
with you. An Ironie  
is not unbecoming Diui-  
nitie. It hath pleased the  
HOLY GHOST , to  
be thus faire pleasant in  
Speech : as to banethe  
Words of Holy Writ  
Seasoned with Salt ;  
that so they might Ad-  
minister

minister Grace vnto  
the Hearers : And  
especially, by a witty kind  
of deriding Rhetoricke.  
Moreouer, Holy Men,  
and Learned ; haue in  
Weighty Matters, both  
Answered, and Censured ;  
with a witty kinde of  
Mockage, and pleasant  
Disdaine. One askt Au-  
gustine, what God did,  
before he made Hea-  
uen, and Earth ? He an-  
swered well & witty ;  
He made Hell, for such  
curious Inquisitors as  
himselfe. When Julian  
the

the *Apostate*, demanded arrogantly, what the *Carpenters Sonne* was doing? The *Christians* answered aptly, and elegantly; He was making a *Coffin* for *Julian Erasmus* (when he was askt what *Offence Luther* did?) prettily replied; H<sup>c</sup>e tooke away from the *Pope*, his Head; and from the *Monkes*, their Bellies. More might be said of *Holy Fathers*; much more of *Wise Philosophers*. One told a *King*, that he had his *Eates* in his Feet: such

sith hee heard not his  
Petition, till he had there  
prostrated himselfe. *An-*  
*other* answered a *Phy-*  
*sitian*; Hee kept his  
Health, because he vsed  
him not. *Another* bade  
a *Bastard* ( shrowing  
stones amongst ) take heed hee  
did not hit his Father  
Not almost an *Apo-*  
*tbegme* of theirs; but  
thus both witty, and  
weighty. Nor doe after-  
Wits come short of the  
other. One call'd the  
Pope a *Participle*; be-  
cause hee takes part of  
the

the Clergy, and part of  
the Laity, without Mood  
and Tense; meaning, be-  
yond Time, and Mea-  
sure. Another askt the  
Pope, if euer he said the  
Lords Prayer, and thole  
words therein ; Our  
Father, and Forgiue  
vs our Trespasses :  
Which if hee did, then  
was hee neither Holy  
Father, nor Father.  
How many might bee  
laid of this sort ? Wise  
men, and Good, haue won-  
tedly said all against E-  
uils ; in this Gracefull  
kinde

of minde of Reproaching.  
Mens Euils haue beeene  
more easilly, and profitably  
Derided, than Confuted.  
Euen these pleasant Dis-  
daines, haue oft prouid  
weighty Arguments a-  
gainst Iniquities. Now,  
lay me not Light ; If I  
would haue beeene De-  
lightfull. I would not  
in words bee Churlish,  
nor Clownish : Nor  
haue I beeene Scuttle,  
nor Illiberall. Haue I  
icested at Lawes, or Re-  
ligion ? at the Persons,  
or Miseries of Men ?  
Except against their Va-  
nities,

nities, so ridiculous indeed ; what haue I said, but soberly ? To haue beeene aptly *Facetious* ; bath added to the Grauity, and Seuerity of Speech. Whether in some Appellations, Descriptions, Transitions ; what hath beeene said, not so seriously : said. Is it only to make thee laugh ? I were more than Mad, so to make thee laugh ; as to make my selfe thy laughing-Stock. Where my Words may shew some Lightnesse ; my Aim there hath this Weight :

Weight: *My sober Deri-  
son, my iust Disdaine;*  
*thy smoother Reprehensi-  
on, thy liberall Delight.*

Mad-mad. I haue  
here said enough, not  
only to excuse mee for  
it: but (me thinkes) to  
incourage mee to it.  
Three speake Truth; one  
of which is the  
Mad-man. Thou maist  
say me Mad: but I speake  
the words of Sober-  
nesse, and Truth. The  
Truth is; I loue to strip,  
and whip Mens bo-  
some-Harlots before  
them: and let them  
plainly

plainly know them  
Ieuecs to bee no better  
than they are. What  
should I parable it; with  
the Woman? *I am a*  
*Widow, mine Huf-*  
*band is dead, My*  
*Sonnes stroue toge-*  
*ther, &c.* These were  
but farre Fetches: I had  
rather point it, with the  
Prophet; *Thou art*  
*the Man:* this is plaine  
to the purpose. If I  
must speake against  
Vice; the vicious shall  
not teach mee what to  
say.

lay. I shoule not lay, as  
they were : so shoule I  
say no other, than as  
they would. I will not  
askē counsell of them,  
to bewray their Coun-  
sels: but will make bold,  
after mine owne minde,  
to tell Men their  
Minds. Away with the  
fawning Curres, and  
toothlesse ; with the  
buzzing Beetles, and  
stinglesse : Giue mee the  
Dogge that will bite  
home ; and the Wasp  
that will sting indeed.  
Take away the Tart-  
nesse ( said a Bold-Spea-  
ker

ker, for the Freedome  
of his Speech) and Bit-  
ternesse frome Worinc-  
woodiv, and so loseth  
both the Nature, and  
Name : Take away  
my Name too ; if you  
barre me of my Bitter-  
nesse. *Let your speech*  
( said He ) *bee seafo-*  
*ned with Salt* ; tem-  
pered ( he meant ) with  
Discretion : Yea and  
( after him, say I ) my  
Speech shall be seasoned  
with Salt ; powdered ( I  
meane ) with Seueritie.  
Abstract the Acrimo-  
nic ;

nie ; and (in my Construction) *The Salt bath lost the Sauour.*

Lœ ! (thou saist ) a very *Lamia* : The mad Hagge hath Eyes to put in, and plucke out at will. Hee puts his Eyes (as one of those ) in his Head, while he walkes Abroad : but keepest them in a Box, when he stayes at Home. So are we wont indeed, to haue *Lyncean Eyes* to Others : but are as blinde as Moles toward our Selues. True, and tis the property of an E Eye,

Eye, to see all, but it  
selfe. I confess ; We  
can sooner finde out others  
Faults ; than mend our  
owne. But if I blame  
thee, with what my  
selfe am also Guilty of ;  
Thou shalt not need  
vpbraid mee with it : I  
shall now bee enough  
to reproach my selfe.  
If I be no other, than I  
say thou art : what my  
Tongue tels to thee, my  
Heart will not hide  
from me. What I but  
call thee once, will it  
tell mee twice. *Double*  
*is his both Guilt, and*  
*Blame;*

Blame ; when the Fault rebuked by him, doth also redound vnto him. I suppose (with Him) thou maist say, and slander me ; *Physitian, heale thy Selfe* : I abhorre to heare from *Him* ; *Thou which teachest Another* ; teachest thou not thyselfe ?

But (after mine owne Cure) I here am thy Physician : and haue so dealt with Iniquities, as doe such with Maladies. See here thou

E 2      maist,

## THE PREFACE.

mant, the Parties Affections, and their Affected Parts : together with their severall Signes, Grounds, Fruits, Caules, Cures. I haue taken but Three Patients here in hand at once : and they more than I looke for Profit by ; more ( I feare me ) than I shall get Credit by. But Three, to the *Three Furies*, or *Madnesses* ; whom I meane to match against them. Three shall bee all at once ; since Three once were all : *All that is in the*

*the World ( is but  
Three ) the lust of the  
Flesh, the lust of the  
Eyes, and the Pride  
of Life.*

One thing is; & I would  
thēe note it : I haue  
applyed it as a soueraign  
Remedy, against what-  
soeuer Malady : Con-  
cluding still with a Me-  
ditation of Mortalitie,  
and Death. *Nothing*  
*makes a Man more irke*  
*his Euill, than to thinke on*  
*his End. He that thinkes*  
*what he shall then be, will*

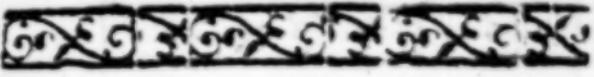
hee wary what hee now  
doth. Sinne was the only  
meanes, that brought a  
Man to Death: but Death  
is thus the only meanes,  
to keepe a Man from Sin.  
He aimd aright; Re-  
member the End,  
(said he) and thou shalt  
neuer doe amisse.

To meditate on Death, is  
as a Curve against all sin-  
full Courses: and a Spurre  
pricking on to pious Dut-  
ies. Prick the wandring  
Snaile but with the M E-  
M E N T O of Deaths  
Dart; and bee straight  
retires

retires into his Shell : Let the Pilot sit close in the End of the Ship ; and bee now gouernes it aright. To haue Death before his Eyes ; is the ready way, to haue God beforc his Eyes. He easilie contemnes what is Present, and Pas-sing away : that confi-ders what is Euerlasting, and to Come.

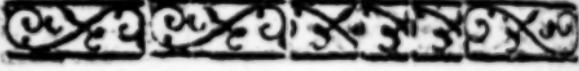
I haue no more (nor needed I so much) to say for my Selfe : Only, against Thee (if thou be of them) haue I yet more. All the Curled Crue ; Men of the  
E 4 World,

World, Sons of Belial,  
Children of Darknesse,  
Impes of Confusion,  
Limbes of *Satan*, Fire-  
brands of Hell : Ile tell  
them All my minde, as  
I meet them. Ile take  
them, where I finde  
them: And say no more  
to thee ; till I see thee  
there.

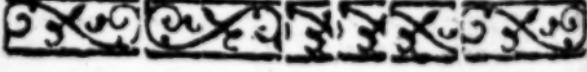
  
**I**'M Mad, say Mēſt;  
Thaſt moſt are mad, and worseſt  
I ſay mee ſo;  
'Cause I ſee them no other.  
They make mee Moane,  
Sigh, Smile, Scorn, Rage, and Curse.  
Nor I my Feruour;  
Nor their Faulis can ſtrouer.  
How can I helpe it;  
That am made ſo Mad?  
Tis Thou muſt mend it;  
That haſt beene ſo Bad.



**B**oth Wife, and Good,  
Will warrant me my Madneſſe;  
They ſelues haue likewife  
More than me bediſt:  
Will either ſub  
(Wife, Good) be for thy Badneſſe?  
Even they that worke ill,  
Will ſpeak ill of Sinne.  
How can I helpe it;  
That am made ſo Mad?  
Tis Thou muſt mend it;  
That haſt beene ſo Bad.



Thy sore Mishaps,  
I Moane ; I Sigh, to see  
Such Errours Fraile ;  
Smile, to behold thy Fashions  
Both fond, and vaine ;  
Scorne thy Iniquitie ;  
Rage, at thy Rudenesse ;  
Curse thy Abhominations.  
How can I helpe it ;  
That am made so Mad ?  
Tis Thou must mend it ;  
That hast beene so Bad.



The

## *The Proud.*

 Oe to then ;  
 and what's He?  
 I haue seene  
 the Man but of late ;  
 and how suddenly is  
 he altered ? *True Em-*  
*bleme of his owne Mu-*  
*tabilitie ! Hee shewes it,*  
 but he heeds it not. To  
 Day hath chang'd him  
 from Yester day, both in  
 Face, and Fashion : Nor  
 shall you see him the  
 Same to Morrow, that  
 he is to Day. The Man  
 seemes

seemes but as he is ; a very Changeling. Nay he so adapts his Humour also to his Habit; that you shall never take him, but in as many Minds, as Suits. How he grudges at the stinted Course of Nature, as but piggardly ; that at first allotted him but one Face and Skinne, and Bulke, and Shape : but admires the Liberall Inuention of Art ; that can still so trimly, and newly proportion him. He thinkes himselfe (I warrant him) a farre comelyer

comelyer Creature of a Taylors shaping, than of Gods making. As the one therefore he shames to be seene : but as the other, hee glories to shew himselfe. He is one of A D A M S owne Sonnes , and hath it by Kinde to blush at his bare Selfe. Ah ! we could not thus irke our selues, were not our selues con-scious of something other than good : Wee see some vglinesse, which wee would haue none to ser. Had we not defaced the Image of God in vs, we had

had never bin ashamed to let it haue bin seene. Truth desires to be seene naked, as she is : And the Purest things abhor to be couered, or coloured. Painted Wals, painted Sepulchres, you conceiue what they are beside their Painting.

Oh but (I see) he hath quite altered the Fashion; and hath made him a new kinde of Catch-credit, of his old Couer-shame. His sightly Ornament, hee counts it ; which was once but his Fore-Fathers beggarly Shift. *Ab ! that Men*

Men can now glory in that  
Superfluity ; whose ve-  
ry Necesſitie was but the  
Badge and Liuery of their  
Shame. We know, twas  
A D A M S Shame, that  
he was so driuen to  
haue them : And wee  
thinke it our shame,  
when we are so driuen,  
that we haue them not.  
He is not (I see by him)  
a little proud of him-  
ſelfe : now beclad in a  
varniſht Excrement ; &  
ſo bedawbd in a glitte-  
ring Rubbish. Who  
thinkes himſelfe the bet-  
ter Man, for what he is  
glad

glad to borrow of Beasts,  
and Earth ? Is hee the  
more Man, for what they  
( before him ) were not  
the lesse Bruits, & Dung?  
See see ! A Sheepe in a  
golden Fleece : Howso-  
ever hee thinkes of his  
Fleece ; I will think  
him but a Sheepe. Hee  
prances most stately in  
his gay Trappings. But  
I would beloth to buy,  
or vse an Horse, that is  
only so valued. It is for  
him to prize a faire Out-  
side ; that knowes, nor  
hath nothing within, wor-  
thy more esteeme. How  
curiously

curiouly hee glances  
vpon himselfe ? Hee  
thinkes, hee is for other  
eyes than his owne, to  
be so broadly gazed at.  
Why cringes he so to his  
Coat ? vnlesse he would  
in good earnest, which  
the Philosopher did in  
iest ; Honour that, that  
honours him. *Bucephalus*  
is now royally trapt,  
and flings at all but  
*Alexander* himselfe : dis-  
barbe but the Iade, and  
euery Stable-Groome  
may bestride him. Many  
Men as Proud to seeme  
what they are not: It only  
debases

debases them to be seene,  
and knowne what they  
are. The Ass carries  
painted and polished Ihs  
vpon his backe ; and  
(Lord ! ) how the Vul-  
gar Worship him ? A  
wise man will iudge of the  
Tree, by the Fruit, or  
Bulke : he is a Foole that  
doth value it by the  
Barke, or Huske.

A proper Squire hee  
seemes neere at hand ;  
and (you marke him )  
well dight vp. Beside a  
spruce shape, and gay  
Glosse hee hath about  
him ; see what a lofty  
Port,

Porr, and Getharn hee  
carries with him. Hee  
stalkes on in state : I  
should say, he marches  
most maicsticly. All  
his Pace is Measures ;  
and his Hands accor-  
dingly keepe Time, to  
the Tunc of his Feet.  
His Beuer cocks , Fea-  
ther waggs, Locks ho-  
uer, and Beard stands in  
print ; his Band spra-  
ding (like a Net) about  
his necke, his Cloake  
displayd ( as a Flagge )  
vpon his arme, his Dou-  
blet hanging by Gim-  
mers vpon his shoul-  
ders,

ders, and his Breeches button'd about him: His Boots ruffle, Spurrs gingle, and his long Rapier (which he is often tied to) confronts him at the hilt; and toward the point, answers his heelcs with a grace. What a Supercilious Looke he hath? I warrant you, the very blast or sound of his Speech, would make you start. How he reares in the Necke, struts at the Stomacke, and traces with his Armes a kemboll: he trips with his Toes on

on the Earth; & waues  
his Hand, as hec would  
touch the heauens with  
his Finger. He hath one  
part and propertie of a  
Man, which is, to looke  
vpwards. Hee thinks  
this same doth preferre  
him with Reasonables,  
when we know it doth  
but distinguish him  
from Bruits. Heele set  
his Leggs vpon the Last,  
rather than lose an inch  
of his height: I will say  
one good word for him;  
and tis the best I know  
by him: Than this Man  
in his way, no man  
walkes

walkes more vprightly  
Marke how he heaues  
as though hee almoſt  
ſcorn'd to tread : Hee  
caſts vp his Nose into  
the Wind, looks beyond  
the Clouds, mantles  
againſt the Moone, and  
buſies himſelfe wholly  
to build Caſtles in the  
Aire. What an Alder-  
mans pace hee comes ?  
Hee prolongs the Pa-  
geant for the Beholders  
take ; and hurries mor-  
on too haſtily, leſt moſt  
Eyes finde no leiuſe to  
looke vpon him. See ſed  
he ſtops and turnes in  
the

the midway, at but the apprehension of a lost labour. Oh doe him not the wrong to looke beside him : for if you see him not, hee comes by to no purpose. *The Proud man is not more haughty in his owne, than ridiculous in a wise mans eyes :* whereas others looke at him, hee lookes thorow him ; and sees plainly the vanitie of his Minde, in that bodily shaping : Hee but smiles at that Carriage of his, which others learne : And thinkes, what Folly there is

is in Pride, that fainest to it selfe, as it would ; and flatters it selfe, as it hath fained. Hee tels her, his eyes are purer, than her painted glory can dazzle : nor are they stinted to behold that only, which shee would haue him see. Hee calls her the Ape of Nations, and Fashion-monger of the World : and tels her plainly, shee hath more Followers of her Fashions, than are either Wise, or Good.

Doe you heare Sir ? Surely his cares are taken vp to listen only to his

his owne fantastick  
Suggestions. Hee is  
wholly busied about  
himselfe: and heed's not  
others, while he thinkes  
others cannot choose  
but heed him. At him  
once more: I pray you  
Sir — Now he squints  
at mee ouer the left  
shoulder, as though he  
deem'd mee at a glance,  
scar'e worth the most  
carelesse peece of his no-  
tice. Perhaps hee likes  
not the fashion of my  
phrase, tis too homely  
for his quaint relish;  
and sounds not corre-

F spon-

spondent to the scrapping of his whole acquaintance. I am not wonted to the fine Flourishes of his Fashionall Rhetoricke. Hee would haue heard mee sooner, had I bespokē him in his owne Dialect ; which hee heedeth most, and best vnderstands. I had forgot to thinke on some curious Complement, and refined Salute : which himselfe hath so often condit, that he hath them at his Tongues end, and there only. Now I remember mee,

me, I haue a whole Method of them lying by me ; which he gathered but by Fragments, and so he writes them.  
Sauc you noble Sir ;  
How farcs your Body ?  
You are fortunately  
met ; I congratulate  
your happy Fortunes ;  
Sir I honour you ;  
Would I might doe you  
any Office ; I think me  
happy in your Noble  
Society ; I desire your  
more Acquaintance ; I  
embrace your loue  
with both armes ; I  
kisse your hands ; I a-

dore your worth, I reuerence your shadow;  
Sweet Sir rauish me  
with your Presence;  
bless me (Mkinde Sir)  
by your Fatiouf. Oh Sir  
your Seruant ; Pray  
Sir command mee ;  
That I were but worthy  
to obserue yow; Would  
I might haue enioyed  
your good company ;  
Happinesse attend you ;  
my Seruice wait vpon  
you. *Vaine Verbalists!*  
whose words are but  
wind ; uttered, and en-  
ded in themselves : Light-  
ly occasioned, and as lit-  
tle

the intended. God gave you your Tongues, to use them seriously; not to daily with so deceitfully. Nature hath taught you the faculty of Speech, to tell each others your minds, and hearts: But you haue coyn'd, and conid your words of Art, to discourse, and dissemble with. Your words of Course, and Complements; gaine you as little Heed, and Repose from others: as they haue Truth, or Intention in your selues. You thinke you haue learnt to speake with a

F 3 grace;

grace ; and talke in a  
certaine roialty of  
Speech : When ( alas ) it  
is the Vanity onely that is  
openly heard, and secretly  
smiled at.

I am your poore  
Friend Sir, doe you  
know mee ? Not ? Hee  
hath but said, as I  
thought. *A proud Man*  
*remembers not another* ;  
because he hath forgotten  
himselfe. Yet ( if I mi-  
stake him not ) hee so  
loues himselfe , whom  
he knowes not ; that he  
almost hates all others,  
whom he knowes. He  
enuijs

envies his Superior ,  
neglects his Equalls ,  
despises his Inferiour .  
And for these last , hee  
neither endures to take  
notice of them ; nor  
that they should make  
acquaintance with him  
Hee hath heard , *Familiaritie brings Contempt* : he therefore con-  
temnes all kinde of Fa-  
miliarity . So does hee  
glory in what hee is ;  
that than of what hee  
was , hee is of nothing  
more ashamed . Hee  
thinks himselfe a good-  
ly Branch , and noble ;

but irkes to thinke on  
the vile and base Stocke  
he grew vpon. Nothing  
can more disgrace him,  
than if his poore Father  
should meet him, and  
owne him in the Streets:  
And he blushes sooner  
at the meanenesse of his  
Kinsfolks, than at their  
Misdemeanours. Who  
so Proud as bee, than  
whom none more base?  
The Begger on horse-  
backe, is altogether for  
the lofty pace. Wretches  
always wax most insol-  
lent, Cowards rigorous,  
and Peasants haughty.

If

If he get once to thinke  
better of himselfe, hee  
therefore thinkes worse  
of all: He conceits others  
under him; because hee  
is now rapt aboue him-  
selfe.

Tis true I tell you.  
You know not mee  
whom you scorne; you  
I both know, and pity.  
Your Name ( I take it )  
is Sir Hugby-Heart,  
A man of an High De-  
scent: Your Great  
Grand-Father ( I re-  
member ) came tum-  
bling downe from  
Heauen. He ( let me say

by the way ) fell iustly,  
that was too Proud, to  
stand uprightly. And  
you his Generation,  
like Monsters, you fling  
Mountains upon heaps;  
Yea like Fooles in a  
Confusion, you build  
you Babels so high ;  
as though you would  
reach, and dare Him ;  
against whom your  
first Father once aspi-  
red. I easily obserue,  
The Proud Man and the  
Deuill conspire in one  
presumptuous Fault : it  
therefore is, bee ba-  
zards with him the like  
despe-

desperate Fall.

Nay scowle not, stare  
not, stamp not, sweare  
no:; keep in your threat-  
ning Words, & Weapon.

Galled Consciencies kicke  
(like Lades) when their  
Sores are touched: Giue  
me leaue a little. My  
Challenge is to ano-  
ther, and better Fray:  
where the Conque-  
rour and Vanquished  
may part friendly, with  
Safety and Glory on  
both sides. Nor is it a  
single Duell I summon  
and prouoke thee to;  
but a set Battell. I can

both

both number thy Forces; and orderninge owne. Dildaine prouokes your Warre, and selfe-conceit maintains it; Rashnesse musters vp, and pride leads out your Bands; Vain-glorie blowes your Trumpet; and Insolence is hot vpon the Skirmish. But, Humility giues me the safer Ground, Grauity tancks my Troopes, Modesty beats vp my Drumme, Meeknesse receiuers the Onset, and Patience gets the Victory. We yeeld a while, and

and you forthwith  
sound an Alarum. Your  
feather-flenting Braue-  
does are at length but a  
blast before our Wea-  
ther-beaten Souldiers :  
and who now sounds  
Retreat : Pride is vn-  
horst by Humility, Gra-  
uity, hath given Rath-  
nesse the foyle, Modesty  
hath stopt the mouth  
of Vain-glory, Meek-  
nesse, hath coold the  
courage of Disdaine,  
Insolence is pinioned  
by Patience, and Selfe-  
conceit hath taken heels  
and is running away from  
thee.

thee. Thy Souldiers are thus put to sword, and flight : and loo ( as I said ) safety, and glory on both sides ! Of a base Commander thou art now become an honourable Captiue : Nor are we otherwise proud of the conquest ; than that thou art hübled in the Foyle. We haue spoiled thy Forces, because they were thine ; thee haue we spared, because thou now art ours : March on with vs to the fairest Matke in our Field, true Peace and Liberty.

Liberty. Had thine been  
the day; we could but  
haue died honestly :  
thou maist liue honou-  
rably, now it is ours.  
To embracē an happy,  
and lasting league, is  
needfull for thee, and  
for vs expedient : sith  
thou hast the Benefit,  
and we the Credit of the  
victory. Only thou  
shalt confess, and re-  
joyce ; the Warre was  
most iustly begunne,  
and as happily ended.  
Happy is bee, whom Ver-  
tue hauing conquered,  
hath made her Captive,  
Tributary,

Tributary, Subject, Servant. There is no shame where she foyles; where she ffoyles there is no losse; She strivies not with vs, but for our good; nor are wee burt, but in her re-pulse.

How answerest thou my Challenge? Enter Lists accordingly, and thou shalt finde I have prophesied the number, order, and cunart of a Mysticall Piscucho-machie. What needs all this (thou saist) betwixt vs? Thou hast curst profest thce, a Friend

Friend to those on my side ; nor hast thou entertained the other to thee. In plaine termes ( so easily thou canst excuse it ) Thou never knew'st what Pride was ; nor yet canst thou tell how to be Proud. No Man hath beeue so vicious, but that he hath made Vertue his profession. Euen the most dissolute will not owne their Vices : but will yet usurpe a name from the former, howeuer the latter bee their practice.

*Never*

Never man was so proud,  
as to thinke himselfe so :  
That Pride were more  
abbominable than was  
Lucifers, that could be  
proud of it selfe. But  
listo, and Ile teach thee  
how to know thy selfe :  
Giue care awhile to thy  
selfe ; Ile describe thee  
a Man so like thee in all  
points and proportiones : as that hee that  
sees you together, must  
put on his Spectacles,  
and view all things  
double, that takes you  
for two.

A Proud Man is one  
that

that climbs the wrong way to ascend thither; from whence his Father fell. Is his owne N A R C I S S U S, and all Mens T I M O N : hating others, and enamoured of himselfe. One that esteemes himselfe in a Contempt of others : or contemnes others in his owne Esteeme; you cannot say whether first, or more. Many a thing doth hee contemne in another, and yet admires it in himselfe. He wonders at what hee hath, & boasts of more.

He

He reckons his Chickens before they be  
hatcht ; and all his Geese are Swans. He  
growes as bigge as a Mountaine, though he  
bring forth but one  
Mouse : and as soone as  
he hath laid, he Cackles. He boasts of those  
parts of his, wherein  
many Beasts excell him,  
and say nothing. The  
little he hath so dazles  
him, that he sees not  
what a deale he wants.  
His vices he puts in the  
backe part, but his Verry  
vices in the fore part of

the Walker. Then he  
soon forgets, these he  
soft repeats. Swan-like,  
He carries a stiffe necke  
about his white Feathers;  
but sees not that his  
feet are blacke. Others  
Faults, and his owne  
Parts are still before  
him: and thus while he  
compares, he cannot  
but preferre himselfe.  
Because he is somewhat  
better than the worst;  
he thinkes him now as  
good as the best. He  
hath so many Inferior,  
that he thinks  
no man his Superiour.  
Whereas

Whereas others are  
others ; this Man is no  
Hypocrite to himselfe.  
For he seemes to him-  
selfe, what hec is not ;  
and if he be anything  
so, yet he thinkes him  
more than he is. He pro-  
mises such things to  
himselfe, which nei-  
ther are, nor are like to  
bee : and busies, yea  
pleates himselfe (for the  
while,) in his fained  
Conceit, as in the reall  
Fruition. Touching  
himselfe, he subiects  
his Opinions to no  
Mans : and in another's

Cent.

Centurie, he yeelds to  
none before himselfe.  
His Matter, or another's ;  
he examines it in the  
ballance of his owne  
Iudgement ; and is as  
impatient to remit it, as  
to haue it contradicted.  
He takes Chalke, and  
a Coale in hand : and  
his White, or Blacke  
must stand. The Good  
Deeds he doth ( as the  
Wrongs that are done  
him) he still remembers  
He casts to meete the  
benefited Party in the  
Street, or a Throng ;  
and there lookest for ac-  
know-

knowledgement : And if it be so old, or were so slender, that he hath now forgot it ; he yet takes occasion by the by, to put him in mind of it. He smiles to heare his owne praise in another's mouth ; and yet so minces therat, as though he would seem to blush : But at length is content to yeld to others Sooth-sayings, before the Testimony of his owne Conscience : and easily persuades him to bee as they say ; though they say

say nothing so as he is.  
*All Men are Lyers; and  
the Proud man most of  
all:* for ( at once ) hee  
transgresses the bounds  
of Modesty, and Truth:  
For while his owne  
Suggestion makes him  
talke so largely ; your  
owne Suspicion cannot  
thinke he sayes truly.  
Theres not an ill man  
hates his Fellow, this  
Man only excepted. A  
Drunkard accompa-  
nies a Drunkard ; a  
Whoremonger embrac-  
es a Whoremonger ; a  
Theefe shakes hands  
G with

with a Theefe : one  
Proud man only abides  
not another : One Tree  
is not taken notice of,  
where the whole Wood  
reaches to the same  
height and growth.  
The Proud Man should  
not be notorious him-  
selfe, could he suffer o-  
thers to be as himselfe.  
Loue and Kings ( they  
say ) will no Corriuals:  
nor can Pride ( which  
is the Loue of a mans  
selfe, and King of other  
euils ) endure an equall.  
P O M P E Y will no  
Mate, C A E S A R will  
no

no Master. That Euill  
must needs exceed all,  
that cannot endure ano-  
ther shoulde match it.  
Hec steps first into the  
Roome, and sits him in  
the vpper Chaire ; and  
(after some pausing, and  
gazing) roles his Head  
vpon his Elbow ; and  
conceits with what a  
grace hee nods toward  
you, speakes to you,  
whispers with you,  
smiles vpon you. Not a  
Motion of his, not a Fa-  
culty, which smels not  
of Affectation. Not so  
much but he Sits, and

Spits with a grace ; and so he Walks, and Talks. He speakes neuer but with a noise ; and alwayes laughs with a kind of Derision: Commands also with Arrogance, and rebukes with Disdaine. He talkes all with Interrogations ; as though his words were of Authority to question euery thing. That you enter his Threshold, is more than a common courtesy; but that you approach his Presence, is a great vouchsafement. What shall

Shall I call him ? A  
THRASO, a POLY-  
PHEMVS ? To whom  
shall I liken him ? To  
MAXIMINVS, that  
made his Senatours  
kisse his feet ? to D O-  
MITIAN, that would  
be stiled a God ? or to  
those diuers POPES,  
that were guilty of both ?  
or to LVCIFER, the  
Father of them all ? To  
what shall I compare  
him ? But to a Cocke,  
that claps, and crowes  
vpon his owne Dung-  
hill ; a Peacocke that  
ruffles in his owne Fea-  
G ; thers;

thers ; a Toad that swels with his owne poison ; an Asse that hath gotten on a Lions skinne, and now he is a Companion for none, but such as he seemes ; an Ape that is enamoured of his own and vgly Puppets : a Chameleon that gapes after the Aire ; a Bladder full of Wind ; a shallow Riuier, and bubbling ; an empty Caske, and sounding ; an addle Egge, and swimming ; a Thinne Eare, and blasted, that out-tops the fat and full Corne ;

Corne; a Cypresse Tree,  
that hath faire Leaues,  
but no fruit ; a Winte-  
Bush, that neuer beto-  
kened good liquor ; a  
disordered Member,  
swoln so bigge through  
its owne Corruption .

Haue I now pourtray-  
ed thee in thy proper  
colours? This Glasse re-  
flects on none beside  
thee : Tis ( me thinkes )  
thy liuely resemblance ;  
ooke here how thou  
lik'st thy selfe. For me,  
I would be loth ( like  
the Painter ) to fall in  
loue with thee, by the

draught of thy picture.  
Tush! I know thee,  
and all thy Kinne ; and  
haue been but too much  
acquainted with all of  
thine acquaintance.  
That old *Gripe-good*,  
that por'd so long in the  
Dunghill ; was the first  
that rais'd you al thence,  
and now made you  
looke so high. He va-  
dervalued himselfe to  
that, which now makes  
you ouervalue your  
selues. It was he, left  
you that which made  
you Lords : and you  
haue purchas't this, to  
think

thinkē you so. But Ile  
tell thee ; thou hast a  
faire House, and thinkst  
it a very Heauen to ma-  
ny Houells : Step but  
from thine owne Gates,  
and see how others  
build more and greater  
B A B E L s for their Ho-  
nour. Thou canst walke  
so farre and wide on  
thine owne Ground,  
that thou thinkst euery  
Passenger must needs  
trespass vpon thee :  
Take but the Map, and  
shew me in what part  
of the World thy Land  
lyes. Thy Bagges strut

G , with

with a refined and imprinted Earth, and that  
so swels thee : so did it not the Earth , that  
might haue said before thee, these are Mine.  
These Things make thee seeme a Great Man  
within thy selfe : Silly Grigge ! come out of  
thy Pond and Mud ; and thou shalt meet  
with ouergrownne Congers in the Sea. Pride is  
called the Worme of Riches: It is the ranknesse  
of this Weed, to produce such a Vermine. If a Man  
can but once get to bee

*Wealthy,*

Wealthy, be soone learnes  
to be Haughty : So bard  
it is for him not to be puf-  
fed vp, that is so cram-  
bed vp. He knew the dif-  
ficulty, that gaue the Ca-  
ueat : Charge them  
that are rich in this  
World, that they be  
not high minded.

Not know my Lady  
Goe-gay, the spruceſt  
Dame in City, or Court?  
Her father was frugall,  
forgetting he was Cæ-  
ſar : but ſhee flaunts it  
out, rememb'ring ſhe  
is Cæſars daughter.

Me

Me thinkes I now see  
her, as I saw her last ;  
how trimly deckt in her  
purple and fine linnen.  
Shee ware vpon her  
backe, to what shee  
neuer laid her hands.  
Earth, and Wormes,  
and Beasts, and Nati-  
ons, these are, and liue,  
and labour, for what  
she soyles, and teares,  
and spends : Their Ex-  
crement, and Sweat,  
take care to prouide  
her, what shee scarce  
takes paines to put on.  
The good Huswife and  
applauded, *seeketh*  
*Wooll,*

Wooll, and Flax ;  
she layeth her bands  
to the Spindle, and  
her bands touch the  
Distaffe : and so  
cloathes both her, and  
her houſhold. Out vp-  
on these home-spunne  
Threeds ! These ſigne  
like Habit, like Condi-  
tion : Farre fetcht, and  
deare bought are for  
our Ladies. One Coun-  
try and Nation muſt  
breed, another kemb,  
another ſpinne, ano-  
ther weate, another  
drefſe,

Me thinkes I now see  
her, as I saw her last ;  
how trimly deckt in her  
purple and fine linnen.  
Shee ware vpon her  
backe, to what shee  
neuer laid her hands.  
Earth, and Wormes,  
and Beasts, and Nati-  
ons, these are, and liue,  
and labour, for what  
she soyles, and teares,  
and spends : Their Ex-  
crement, and Sweat,  
take care to prouide  
her, what shee scarce  
takes paines to put on.  
The good Huswife and  
applauded, *seeketh*  
*Wooll,*

Wooll, and Flax ;  
she layeth her bands  
to the Spindle, and  
her bands touch the  
Distaffe : and so  
cloathis both her, and  
her houshold. Out vp-  
on these home-spunne  
Threeds ! These signe  
like Habit, like Condi-  
tion : Farre fetcht, and  
deare bought are for  
our Ladies. One Coun-  
try and Nation must  
breed, another kemb,  
another spinne, ano-  
ther weate, another  
dresse,

dresse, another shape  
out, and another trim  
vp their wearings. Alas  
weake Creatures ! they  
see not their Beggery in  
these sundry Borrowings:  
nor mind how fraile a Car-  
kasse and vile, is shrou-  
ded under so gorgeous  
Happings. Womens sup-  
plimentall Art, does but  
the rather bewray Na-  
tures Defects. Perfu-  
ming, Painting, Star-  
ching, Decking, these make  
some Annoyance, and Vn-  
comeliness, though leſſe  
apparant, yet more suspe-  
cted. Wee gaze with  
greedi-

greedinesse and delight  
ypon a curious and glori-  
ous Sepulcbre ; and yet  
notwithstanding we con-  
ceiue and abborre what is  
within. Methought she  
bare her Selfe so nicely  
and demurely, as though  
her Body had beene  
starcht & gumm'd ac-  
cording to her Cloaths.  
Perhaps ( shee carries  
them so answerably )  
shee tooke aime by her  
Glasse at once, to set  
both her Vesture, and  
Gesture in the right Fa-  
shion. *Ab their silly Folly ! that Metamorphize*  
*Nature*

Nature into Art : and  
carry themselues more  
like Pictures, than like  
Creatures. Oh blot not out  
the louely Image of God;  
in faining, and framing so  
vaine a shaping to your  
selues ! How she glitte-  
red ( Forehead, Eares,  
Bosome, Wrists, and  
Fingers ) in her Gems,  
Iewels, Bracelets, and  
Rings ? She likened her  
Lustre to the Moone,  
and Stars ; and thought  
her lesse clay, when so  
bedaubed with a poli-  
shed Rubbish. Who  
might then prize her  
Worth,

Worth, that bare many  
Good Mens Estates  
vpon her little Finger ?  
Shee little considered,  
how many Fingers  
were worne, and wea-  
ried ; to make that one  
Finger shine. This is not  
only one of our Vanities,  
but one of our Superstitions ; That we can (against  
our Reason, and Know-  
ledge ) beleevue that the  
whole substance of a great  
Patrimony, may be va-  
luably transubstantiated  
into the Quantity of a  
little Stone. Gemmes,  
what are they, but Gums ;  
or

or the accretions, or con-  
gelations of brighter Wa-  
ter and Earth? They  
come but from a more sub-  
tile compacted Sulphur  
and Mercury: and yet  
we thinke the very Hea-  
vens concurred with the  
Earth to their commixti-  
on; and so the Sunne left  
part of his shinning in  
them. Meere notionall is  
their value; which is in  
the Opinion, not in the  
Thing: They are worth  
nothing, only if you can  
but thinke them so. The  
Merchants Aduenture  
hath transported them,  
the

the Lapidaries Craft hath  
polished them, the vaine  
Mans Credulity hath  
esteemed them, and the  
Rich Mans Superflui-  
tie hath enhaunced them.  
These be but rich Mens  
gawdy Trifles ; as the  
painted Gew-gawes bee  
for their children.

CHRIST is not put on  
with these Toyes, and  
Ragges. It is for such  
as wax wanton against  
CHRIST ; to fashion  
themselues according to  
this World : For Godly  
Matrons, the old Fashion  
is

is best ; Modest  
apparell, with shame-  
fastnesse and Sobrie-  
tie ; not with broide-  
red haire, or gold,  
or pearles, or costly  
array.

Who, Sir Lofty-lookes  
the Courtier ? I saw him  
tother day in his golden  
Fetters : and heard him  
make great boast of ( me  
thought ) but a glori-  
ous Miseric. Hee hath  
gotten ( he thinkes ) to  
bee more happie than  
he

he was ; and hath quite  
forgotten what he was.  
Fortune hath exalted  
him , and how he ex-  
alts himselfe ? Cleane  
contrary to the Rule ;  
the Man thinkes his  
Place hath graced him :  
and looks chiefly to be  
obserued according to  
his place. He is growne  
to be better clad than  
his Master ; yea and  
beares an higher minde.  
*It is hard to be chaste in  
company with a Woman,  
to bee sober at a Banquet,  
to be patient in a Fray :  
as hard to be humble in  
the*

the midst of new heaped  
Honours, & Preferments.  
How rarely doth he stoope  
so low ; that so suddenly is  
rapt so high ? Like a  
Moth, or Rat of the Pa-  
lace ; hee hath oft and  
much inquired after this  
mans Life, that mans  
Office, the other mans  
Estate : and (after long,  
and earnest gaping)  
some, or all these are  
fallen into his mouth.  
And now hee hath  
climb'd so high on a  
sudden, that you would  
wonder hee wrought  
not himselfe out of  
breath.

breath. To lay all o  
such an one, in summe:  
Many hee scornes, his  
Inferiours; Hee enuies  
Many, his Fellowes: One  
besoothes, his Lord; One  
beloues, Himselfe.

But what of Captaine  
Scape-skarre? How hee  
stalkes vp and downe  
the streets in his Sha-  
moyle, and a Trun-  
cheon; that never ware  
an Harnessse, nor scarce  
can wield a Sword. O  
but take heed how you  
wrong him! Hee hath  
more Badges of his Art  
and Valour about him;  
then

then a Side Belt, or a  
Buffe Coat. Haue you  
not heard of his Wounds  
and Skarres, so many  
haue bee[n] told of? He  
bids you see the Gash he  
gat in his Forehead; and  
feele the Bullet, that lies  
in his Calfe: and you  
must now thinke how  
hee then hazarded; whereas (perhaps) hee  
gat the one as he lookt  
backe, the other as hee  
ran away. It is a maruell  
hee tells you not, how he  
stood like a Giant amidst  
the Pigmies: how with  
the blast of his first  
Volley,

Volley, he made the  
Enemy quake like  
leaves ; made them flic  
like Feathers ; and scat-  
tered them like dust be-  
fore the Wind. And you  
must now belieue him ;  
or else you doe him the  
dishonour, as if you  
should either gainsay, or  
disprouchim. Here tells you  
what a monstrous leape  
he tooke when he was  
last in *Rhodes* : and if  
you will be pleased (for  
experience sake) to sup-  
pose the Place where he  
is, to be *Rhodes* ; he will  
also giue you leaue to  
H suppose

suppose the Leape. Soul-  
diers ( bee they the most  
valiant and fortunate,  
that euer lifted hand  
or foot, for God, and their  
Country ) lose so much of  
their glory ; by how much  
their owne mouths are the  
Trumpets of their Victo-  
rie. Modesty is not lesse  
noble in a Warriour, than  
is valour. If he haue ta-  
ken the City, let his works  
praise him in the Gate ;  
not his words only, when  
hee hath now got the  
Towne vpon his backe.  
He hath wonne the Field ;  
perhaps with a greater  
losse :

losse : and why boasts hee  
of a Prize, when all is too  
little to make amends ?  
How sayes he, his Ene-  
mie is vanquisshed ; when  
his owne are not recoue-  
red ? The Day is his ; it  
might haue beeene the Ad-  
uersaries : and why in-  
sults he, where he might  
haue couched ? With what  
Glory can he boast, where  
he might haue complained  
with shame enough ?

Ah but theres One  
of you ( belieue me, I  
could both loue, and  
honour him ; did he not  
saue me that labour, in  
H  $\approx$  doing

doing the Office to himselfe) No matter for his Name ; You may think he is a noted Man. The Man hath good Parts and Gifts in him ; you need not tell him so, he knowes it well enough : you should take him for a Beast, should you thinke him ignorant of his owne Strength : He can doe well ; yea, and he thinks as well of what he can doe. *As it was not ill for Moses that his Face shone, and the People saw it, though himselfe knew*

knew it not : So were it well for vs, did our light so shinc before Men, that they might see our good workes, and we our selues ignorant to boast it. The Harpe sounds no lesse sweetly, though it bear not it selfe : Our good Parts would bee no lesse laudable, though our selues tooke no notice of them. It is both safe and profitable unto vs, that our selues haue beene ignorant of our Gifts. How vsuall is it, to forestall our best Parts, with a fore Conceit ? Many men might

in time haue beeene both Good, and Wise ; had they not as yet thought them so. This binders the Perfection of Good Parts, when we thinke we haue attained them so soone. God, and Nature haue done faire for him, and hees now not a little proud of himselfe. This hath God done for him, he hath wrought Good out of Euill : this hath he done vnto himselfe, he hath wrought Euill out of Good. Tis strange how Vice here buds from Vertue.

Whereas

Wheras other Vices are  
in the Euill; our Pride on-  
ly is in the Good we haue:  
Other Euils openly shew  
the Worst ; this Euill tre-  
cherously spoyles the Best  
we doe. This is the craft  
and subtily of the Deuill,  
that when he cannot at  
first preuent our Good  
Deeds, and Duties ; bee  
seekes to preuent them af-  
terwards, by making vs  
Proud of what we haue  
done. The Vertues that  
destroy their severall  
Vices ; he makes in gene-  
rall to nourish this Vice :  
Prudence, Iustice, Forti-

H 4 tude,

tude, Temperance ; which banish and abandon Folly, Wrong, Faintnesse, Riot : These neuertbelesse ( and such others ) occasion Pride, and cherish it. Of all our Vertues, this is the chiefest ; not to be Proud of our Vertues. Hee built a Schoole, Colledge, Hospitall ; and I read his name in euery Window. Fush ! he hath erected him an euerlasting Monument of Letters : in whose very Frontispiece, you may read at once both his Name, and Works : And you

you must conceiue,  
these were not set so  
neare together for no-  
thing : his Name does  
authorize his Workes ;  
and his Workes immor-  
talize his Name. Hee  
smiles to thinke, how  
his Name is published,  
in the inquiry of his  
Workes ; and how his  
Workes are graced, in  
the mention of his  
Name. He hath long  
learnt to exhaust o-  
thers, like a Bee : and  
now at length hath got  
the Art to euiseerate  
himselfe, like a Spider.

H 5      Others

Others Brood he com-  
monly wraps in his  
owne Clouts ; with  
here and there a new-  
fangled Brat, much  
what like himselfe : and  
yet he hugges them a-  
bove therelt ; and sayes  
of his owne inuentions ; O deepe Notions,  
and mysterious ! Orare,  
and pious Thoughts !  
Oh how it tickles him  
to re-repeat the Line,  
and Saying, hec hath  
couched so Emphati-  
cally ! when as ( per-  
haps ) you can scarce  
conciue it to be so  
much

much as sensibly digested. Iust like a fantastick Musician, he chiefly pleases himselfe; while hee leaues the Grounds, to run vpon his Voluntaries. How readily, and rashly, doe we broach our owne Opinions? how largely paraphrase vpon our owne Fancies? yea, wee make them ours also; which be no other, than haue beeene said, or thought; saue somewhat otherwise. That we haue made a bare shift to clad, or cloake another; this is enough to owne

owne it to our selues. The Author boasts what curious Threed he hath so cunningly wouen from out himselfe, nor ( for his Matter, or Method ) bath he the least hint from another. The Translatour tells you, tis farre more tedious to confine his wits to construction, than to enlarge them to Inuention. He bragges of the Forrainers Learning, and Deuotion; together with his narrow inquiry of his Words, and minde: and now bee compares his Turn'd-Coat ( though in many

many placos: tbred-bare,  
moth-eaten; fusty; ) to  
any fresh; and faire, spot-  
lesse, yea seamelesse Gar-  
ment. Briefly, bee it in  
things of our owne, or o-  
thers; If our knowledge  
be a little beside others;  
even they must know it;  
whose knowledge is farre  
beyond our owne. Nay,  
but he is now of ano-  
ther Minde; he is not  
so Prodigall; as Nig-  
gardly of what hee  
knowes. Away ( sayes  
he ) with these shallow  
Cesternes, with these  
empty Channels; that  
hold

hold so little, and  
powre out so fast: Giue  
me only the Gulse of  
Learning, and a Deuou-  
rer of Bookes. I cannot  
tell what you would  
say he may be; but he  
will not (he sayes) bee  
a Foole in Print. He vp-  
braids him with Folly,  
that thinkes himselfe  
knowes nothing, vn-  
lesse others know what  
he knowes: and thinks  
it his owne Discretion,  
not to communicate  
his knowledge vnto  
Fooles. No; As Lear-  
ning (he thinkes) be-  
gan:

ganue : so hee le haue  
it end in himselfe : For  
(so he perswades him )  
he knowes so much ;  
that in him knowledge  
both liues, and dies. The  
knowledge that this man  
hath, he will not vent it  
out : no maruell then it  
be found in this man, as is  
said; *Knowledge puf-  
feth vp.*

But of all your lofty  
Cruc ; haue you heard  
of him, that is proud of  
this ; That he is not  
proud ? One that glo-  
ries vainly, cuen in the  
Contempt,

Contempt of Vaine-glory. You haue many of his Sect, and Sort : He seemes lowly, but he grudges to be despised ; He cares not to be poore, but he is loth to want : He goes bare-ly, fares hardly, lies coldly ; an holy Man (I wis) and mortifi'd ! but that he boasts as much of this, as you could of the Contrary.

A fained Humility, puffes up more, than a noted Pride : and is so much the more euill and odious, as it seemes to bee otherwise.

Tush

Tush man ! ( be he as thou wouldest thinke , another to thy selfe ) I can as well see his Proud Heart through his torn Coat ; as thine through thy flasht Doublet . Thou proudly abhorrest his sordid ragges ; he also spurnes and tramples thy gay Garments ; and with another kinde of Pride . Thy Ambition vrges thee to giue ; and he refuseth thy Gift , for he also hath his Ambition . Beast thou before him ; Thou art *Alexander the King :*

King: and hee'le bragge  
with thee; Hce's Dioge-  
nes the Dogge. Pride is  
not alwayes from endow-  
ments within ; nor yet  
from outward Accru-  
ments. A proud Heart oft  
goes together with a Beg-  
gers Purse and Coat.

Ile now tell thee of  
One thou knowest not:  
Heed him well ; thou  
yet knowest not him  
whom thou seest. I tell  
thee ( chuse thee whe-  
ther thou thinke me so ;  
my ayme is, that thou  
be so thy selfe ) I am  
not Proud : And good  
rea-

reason why ; I haue nothing, I know nothing to be Proud of. *Ricbes*, what are they ; but a spreading, a mouing, a glittering Earth: Hardly, and euilly gotten; doubtfull to keepe, and dangerous ; soone, and sorrowfully lost. *Honour*, what is it ; but an imposed, rather a supposed Hight, and Deeme ? a meere nothing in it selfe ; but only is more, or lesse, as others reckon it. Men are like Counters, all of the same mould, & stampe: only

only when we call vp  
their account, we num-  
ber them from a Far-  
thing, to a Pound. What  
is *Beauty*, but a *Super-*  
*ficies* of Colour, and  
Proportion ; or a sha-  
dowed Shape, and Hue :  
a red clay mingled with  
Snow : A Flower, which  
(ere it yet flourishes) is  
prone to fade : Crop it  
vntimely, and it lowres  
while you looke vpon  
it ; Let it stand awhile,  
and it withers vpon  
the stalke : The Frost  
of a Feuer makes it  
droope downwards ;  
and

and an aged Winter makes it quite wither away. What is Strength & Stoutnesse, but a stiffer Compact, or more solide Couchednesse of the Ioynts, and Bloud ? which ( say Art, nor Might can yet subdue ) Sicknesse, Age, or Death will once enfeeble. I haue scene a Feather and a Wall more beaucous than a Woman : and know an Oxe, or an Oake, to be stronger than a Man. A Lion will outstand a Man, a Tigre out-run him,

a Stagge out-leap him, a Dolphin out-swimme him : It is great Folly, to be Proud of those Parts of ours ; which the very Beasts haue not only with vs, but before vs. And for Learning and Knowledge, what is it, but an insight of our Ignorance ; letting vs know only, that we know nothing ? I will aske him, that knowes the most, and applies it to the best ; Who knowes all Things ? Who is wise at all Times ? The most he knowes, is not the least

of

of that he knowes not.  
And can we be Proud of  
thesethings of ours, which  
either are not ours, or  
are noi? These best things  
of Nature, Industry, For-  
tune; how can we cal them  
ours, and kisse our owne  
Hands for them; when as  
they can neither get, nor  
keepe them to vs? What  
we bere arrogate to our  
selues, wee steale from  
God. Oh wretched Man,  
and thanklesse! What hast  
thou, thou canst call thine  
owne, but Euill? God  
gives thee all that thou  
art, and hast besides: Let  
the

the Giuer haue the glory  
of his Gifts. Why is thy  
beart so puffed up with-  
in thee, and thy Brother so  
despised in thine Eyes ?  
*W*ho maketh thee to  
differ from another ?  
and what hast thou,  
that thou didst not  
receiue ? *N*ow if  
thou didst receive it ;  
why dost thou glory,  
as if thou hadst not  
receiued it ? Thou art  
more Rich, Great, Faire,  
Strong, Wise, and Hely,  
than

than he ; yea, but bee is more bumble. God thinks better of an bumble Sinner, than of a Iust man proud. Be he never so Good ; God thinkes the worse of him, for that he thinks the beteer of himselfe.

It skarres me quite for climbing so high ; when I consider, that he who first ventered himselfe, and now vrges others, fell so low. He now and then spurs me on to come after him : but (by his leaue, or rather in his despite)

I hold it easier and safer  
to sit still ; than to rise  
vp and fall. He hazards  
that climbes vp the  
Hill ; he that couches  
in the Dale, hath not  
whence to fall. It is for  
Goats to clammer vp  
the Mountaines ; I am  
a Shope, and can con-  
tent me to graze in the  
Vallies. Yet am I not so  
sheepish, to losh into the  
Ditch, because the Bell-  
Weather hath ventured :  
Shall I rush after him, as  
though I did only mind  
his Going, but not un-  
derstand his Drow-  
ning,

niug ? Let *Satan* keepe his poison to himselfe ; or drinke his draught to Fiends , not Men . Shall I pledge him in his Cup , whercof ( I know ) he at first tasted , and perished ? *The Deuill* ( I perceiue ) was well enough if bee could haue kept him so : He once was ( as it were ) enthroned on bigh ; bee now is imprisoned below : Was ( n : e not an Angell only , but the Prince of Angels ; is now both a Deuill , and the Prince of Deuils : Was once more faire than the

Sunne, is now as blacke  
as Hell: Was once a Spi-  
rit true, and pure ; is now  
a lying, and vncleane Spi-  
rit. I will not pity, but  
scorne him rather :  
*How art thou fallen  
from Heauen ( O  
Lucifer ) Sonne of  
the Morning ?*  
And will reioyce to  
heare, and beleue the  
Witnesse of his Destru-  
ction: *I beheld Satan,  
as Lightning, fall  
from Heauen.* If I  
may giue the Deuill his  
Doome;

Doome ; He is worthily  
throwne lower, than would  
haue attempted higher  
than can be imagined : An  
Heil is too good for him,  
that would haue usurped  
an Heauen : He merits to  
be confounded to Nothing  
that so insulted against  
All things. Did he (thinke  
you) so ambitiously af-  
fect a Deity ? Certainly,  
Diabolisme was too lit-  
tle for him. Surely, No  
finite Creature can be ca-  
pable of so infinite an  
Euill ; as to arrogate and  
attempt Divine Maiesy  
to it selfe. I rather thinke

( then he enuyed the Ma-  
iesty to the Creatour )  
be enuyed the Perfection  
to the Creature ; and glo-  
ried in his owne. He saw  
he was a goodly Thing,  
and mighty ; & thought  
he was so of himselfe,  
and none was so beside  
him : Others he dee-  
med subiect, and him-  
selfe onely independant.  
He ought at first  
to haue acknowledged  
his maker ; but he then  
gloried in himselfe. The  
height then of Satans Am-  
tion, was not so much a  
rebellious attempt to bee

like

like God ; as a Stubborne Neglect rather, to bee thankfull to God, for what he was. And what higher Contempt could he haue imagined, then so Proud a Neglect ? This therefore exiled him his blessed and perfect Seat, and State : and made him (of all Creatures) the most euill and accursed. His Pride threw Satan out of Heaven, and made him a Deuill of an Angell : Our Pride also will presse vs downe to Hell, and make vs Fiends of Men. Hee

that endured not Pride  
in Angels ; how shall bee  
suffer it in Men ? How  
shall Dust and Ashes bee  
lifted vp, without Con-  
fusion : fith this Princi-  
pality gloried not, but to  
bis Shame?

Of all Sinnes, God  
hates, and plagues Pride ;  
as the Pride of Sinnes.  
There was no Sinne be-  
fore Pride ; no Sinne now  
without it : Since every  
Sinne is a proud rebellion  
against the Will of God.  
What can be more  
Proud, than to liue a-  
gainst his Will , by  
whole

whose will we liue ?  
What more vnthank-  
full, than to despise his  
commands ; ; which  
commands, not onely  
that he may be knowne  
to rule, but rather that  
he may take occasion  
to reward ? *Nothing op-*  
*poseth God more than*  
*Pride ; G O D therefore*  
*(of all ) Resisteth the*  
*Proud.* This made him  
set his Face against all  
his Creatures , for enill.  
He therefore cast L V-  
C I F E R out of Hea-  
uen, A D A M out of

Paradise, the Builders  
out of B A B E L, H A-  
G A R out of his Ma-  
sters house, I E Z A B E L  
out of the Window,  
S A V L out of his King-  
dome, N E B V C H A D-  
N E Z Z A R out of his  
Condition, H E R O D  
out of his Life: He there-  
fore cast C O R E and  
his Company into the  
Earth, H A M A N into  
the Aire, P H A R A O H  
and his Host into the  
Water, and the S O D O-  
M I T E S into the Fire:  
He therefore cast I E Z A-  
B E L to the Dogges,  
the

the B E T H E L Children to the Beares, and the enuious Lords unto the Lions. All Gods Creatures fight for him, when he sets himselfe to resist the Proud. God is Lord ouer Man, more than Man is Lord ouer the Creatures : Nor are the Creatures bound to serue Man, longer than Man serues God : If he will be so proud, as to kicke against him that is his Maker ; they will bee so bold as to striue against him that shoulde be their Master. The bigge and

and lofty Creatures ;  
Buildings , Trees ,  
Mountaines , Rocks ;  
these all are obnoxious  
to euery Tempest , and  
Thundering : while the  
low and little shrimps  
and Shrubs , shroud and  
stand secure : These are  
dash'd , and These incou-  
raged by him ; that  
*putteth downe the*  
*Mighty , from*  
*their Seat , and ex-*  
*alteith them of low*  
*degree . Pride ( we*  
*say ) will haue a Fall :*  
This

This is but the Ladder  
by which Men climbe  
to Ruine : This but lifts  
men vp, to cast them  
down the more violent-  
ly & desperately. When  
you see a Proud Man  
neare, thinke Judge-  
ment not farre off.  
*Where there is Pride in  
the heart, there is certain-  
ly a plague at his beeles :*  
Yet a little while, and  
the Flourishing Bay is  
gone. Bigge Trees stand  
seldome till they wi-  
ther ; but are rather  
blowne or hewen  
downe before.

Yea

Yea but I am humble ; Nor is it thanks-worthy, that I am little in mine own eyes : since One greater than I made himselfe of no account. How can we make vs low enough ; since He whose shooe latchet we are not worthy to vnloose, humbled himselfe at our Feet ? How can vilenesse be puffed vp ; since He that was Great beyond estimation, made himselfe of no esteeme ? *It is humilitie enough with vs, that we*  
*subject*

subject vs to our Superiours, and preferre vs not before our Equals ; but too much ( we count ) to subject vs to our Equals, and not preferre vs fore our Inferiours : But ( O wondrous Humility ! ) He subiectet him to Inferiours, who among Men and Angels had no Equals. He bowed the Heauens, when he humbled himselfe to our Life ; Hee bowed the Head, when he humbled himselfe to our Death. Odious was our Pride, the Pride of the Sonnes of Men : That could

could not be cleansed, not  
be healed, but by so rare  
Humility, the Humility  
of the Sonne of God.  
Why are we puffed ; for  
whom our Sauiour was  
so emptied, why so lifted,  
for whom he became so  
prostrate ? What Worme  
of Earth can be lifted up,  
when the God of Heauen  
was brought so low ? We  
that are base, to what can  
we be abased ; when Hee  
was humbled that was so  
bigh? Oh Dust and Ashes !  
learne to contemne thy  
selfe ; for whom the  
God of Spirits was despri-  
sed.

sed. Learne of him that  
was humbled, not onely  
for thy Pride ; but to  
make thee humble. Oh  
learne of him, that saith ;  
*Learne of me ; for I  
am meeke and lowly  
in heart.*

I wonder not that  
the Deuill was so proud ;  
for he was an Angell  
bright, and perfect : But  
it makes me start and  
gaze, to see Man so ;  
that is but Dung, vile &  
vanishing away. *The  
Deuil had more to be proud  
of than hath Man : yet*

*Man*

Man will be as proud as  
the Deuill. What is Man,  
thus to forget, thus to  
transgresse his owne  
Condition ? Did he se-  
riously consider him-  
selfe, this would make  
him keepe warily with-  
in himselfe ; at least, not  
step so lauishly beyond  
himselfe. *Why liftest*  
*thou vp thy selfe ( O*  
*Man ! ) when thy selfe is*  
*enough to pull thee down ?*  
Art thou not wret-  
ched, mortall, euill ?  
Thy blacke Feet will  
bow thy stiffe necke,  
notwithstanding thy  
white

white Feathers. What art thou but a Shadow, a Sepulcher, a Statue, a Glasse, a Bubble, a Blast, Dung, Dust, and Ashes, Wormes-meat; a crazy Body, and full of Corruption, a cankred Soule, and fraught with euill: whose Being, no Being; whose Life, no Life; whose Life is gone, or going; whose Death is comming, and will come. And now (Earth and Ashes!) how art thou puffed up; whose Nature, and Lot it is to settle, and finke? What should

should a Giant doe in a  
Dwarfe ; or so high a  
minde in so vile a car-  
kasse ? The Sergeant ,  
Purseuant , Catch-poll  
of the Great King ; that  
knocketh at the doore  
of Young and Old ,  
high and low , rich and  
poore , that equals  
Scepters and Spades ,  
Iron and Straw , Bookes  
and Babbles : She turns  
Beauty into Blacknesse ,  
Strength into weak-  
nesse , Wisdome into  
Folly , and layes Ho-  
nour in the Dust . Digge  
vp the Beggers Graue ,  
open

open the Princes  
Tombe ; view well  
both their Skuls, and  
see how like they looke:  
compare their Dust, and  
thou shalt finde no dif-  
ference. *Why doth Man*  
*( in his life ) so proudly*  
*preferre himselfe to the*  
*Most, and Best : whom*  
*Death shall once equall to*  
*the Least, and Last ? No*  
*man is proud, but he that*  
*is ignorant of himselfe.*  
Know then ( O Man )  
at once, and contemne  
thy selfe: Know whence  
thou wert, what thou  
art, and whither thou  
must:

must : Whence thou  
wert , from a muddy  
Slime ; What thou art,  
a rotten Dung ; Whi-  
ther thou must, to the  
place of Dust and  
Wormes. In all that  
was, or is, or is to  
come ; heres nothing  
to be proud of. How can  
he be proud of himselfe ;  
whose Birth is a pollu-  
tion, whose life is a De-  
solation, whose Death is  
a Corruption ? our Life is  
but a step to Death ; or  
many Deaths to one  
Death : Youth is the  
death of Infancie ; why  
then

then are we proud in the  
Toyes of our Infancie ?  
Manhood is the Death of  
Youth ; why then are we  
proud in the pleasures of  
our Youth ? Age is the  
Death of Manhood ; why  
then are we proud in the  
strength of our Manhood ?  
Decrepitnesse is the Death  
of Age ; why then are we  
proud in the wisdome of  
our Age ? Lastly, Death is  
the Death of all ; why then  
are we proud of any ?

Tush ! what of all  
this ? Thou now thin-  
kest never the worse of  
thy selfe, for what  
thou

thou shalt be. Tell thee  
( thou saist ) not what  
thou wert, or must be ;  
but what thou art. Its  
all one for that : what  
thou hast, thou mean'st  
to make much of it,  
while thou hast it. Goe  
to Great-Heart ; thou  
wilt (ere long ) be lesse-  
ned. Bee proud yet a-  
while of thy selfe:where  
shall once be thy Selfe,  
or Pride ? Doe, doe ;  
Out-gaze Heauen till  
Earth gape for thee :  
and spurne Men , till  
Men tread vpon thee.  
Then shall they per-  
ceiue

ceiue thee to be as vile;  
asthoucouldſt conceiue  
of them. Yea, when  
thine Honour, Wiſ-  
dome, Beauty, Strength;  
ſhall be ſowne in Weak-  
neſſe, Horrour, Folly,  
and Dishonour: Thus  
ſhall they entombe and  
intitle thee at once.

K

thou shalt be. Tell thee  
( thou saist ) not what  
thou wert, or must be ;  
but what thou art. Its  
all one for that : what  
thou hast, thou mean'st  
to make much of it,  
while thou hast it. Goe  
to Great-Heart ; thou  
wilt (ere long ) be less-  
ened. Bee proud yet a  
while of thy selfe : where  
shall once be thy Selfe,  
or Pride ? Doe, doe ;  
Out-gaze Heauen till  
Earth gape for thee :  
and spurne Men , till  
Men tread vpon thee.  
Then shall they per-  
ceiue

ceiue thee to be as vile;  
asthoucouldſt conceiue  
of them. Yea, when  
thine Honour, Wiſ-  
dome, Beauty, Strength;  
ſhall be ſowne in Weak-  
neſſe, Horrour, Folly,  
and Dishonour: Thus  
ſhall they entombe and  
intitle thee at once.

## K

zulige Zeichen und so  
auszusehen wie  
nun zu tun ist. So  
sind es nicht zulässig  
die Wörter auszutauschen  
oder auszuschließen  
und T : monachus brin  
gen gleich verhindert

zu werden.

God Reader know,  
G That commest nigh ;  
Here lies he low,  
That lookt so high.  
Both poore, and nak't ;  
That was gay cloath'd :  
Of all forsak't,  
Who others loath'd.  
He once thought all  
Envi'd his Worth :  
Nor Great, nor Small,  
Now grudge his Turf.  
The Heauenly Cope  
Was his Ambition :  
Three Cubits scope  
Is his Fruition.  
He was above all ;  
God above him :  
He did not lone all ;  
Nor God lone him :  
He that him taught,  
First to aspire :  
Now bath him caught,  
And payes his hire.

The Frefull,  
OR  
Angrie.



Vt whither Sir Hot-spur? what, al in haste?  
A word (I pray) and you will; yet not (as you vse)  
a word and a blow. Come prethee, let me walke thee a while, to coole thee. Spur not on too fast; thoul't either jadre, or stable thy selfe. I

con-

conceive thee, and can prescribe. Perhaps, thou hast not the wit to reckon the Greeke letters ; not the Grace ( perhaps ) to repeate the *Lords Prayer* : yet ( may be ) the leasure to take a Turne. In good sadnes, thou art angry ; something now ayleth thee. Something ? The Foole ( sure ) hath more wit, than to be angry for nothing. One ( thou sayest ) hath wronged, and vrged thee : Harke a whilt, and thou shalt heare him say no lesse of thee ; than

K 3 thou

thou now of him. Men are wont to accuse others, when themselves are in fault. The Angry man (especially) is seldom but guilty of his own allegations, and Complaints: and oft times wrongs another, in What he sayes, in that he sayes, another hath wronged him.

Nought but a glance, a puffe, a snuffe, a frown, a shoulder, a spurne? and (beside these flouts and scornes) neither stay, nor speake? Thus are our Passions hot upon their bent pursuit: thus

thus disdainfull at their least opposition: thus careless of the best advice. Bid him stay, and be aduised. You had as good say nothing: He is resolute-  
ly bent vpon his rules (I know) which he as ill  
understands, as fol-  
lowes: That he ought not  
to be wronged: That he  
ought to be satisfied for  
the wrong.

Surely the man is lost,  
or lacking; and is wholly  
bent and busied, to  
seeke and ouertake him-  
selfe. Or rather, is so ta-  
ken vp with himselfe

on a sudden; that he yet hath no leisure to take vp himselfe. He drives on very furiously, and most stiffly bestirres his stumpest: and yet (I warrant him) chafes as fast, as he postes; because his feete are so sluggish and vnweildy, that they make no more haste to bring many his other members into action. His spleene which cannot so loong burst out against another, now boyles and bubbles within himselfe. Out vgly Haggis, and Bell-dame

Witches of our Minds, and  
Soules! rebels to Reason,  
and enemies to Sense How  
doe ye possesse, and misbape  
vs? With what sophisti-  
cating dregges of Exor-  
bitancy doe ye skarre vs  
from our selues: and hurry  
vs headlong to that in-  
conuenience, which we  
seldome warily recover ;  
but which we rather  
shamefullie repent too late?  
If these Tempests boyse  
and tosse vs, we rarely re-  
cover our harbour ; but  
our Ship is either swal-  
lowed of gulfes, buried in  
the waves, or split upon

on a sudden; that he yet hath no leisure to take vp himselfe. He drives on very furiously, and most stiffly bestirres his stumpest: and yet (I war-  
tan him) chafes as fast, as he postes; because his feete are so sluggish and vnweildy, that they make no more haste to bring many his other members into action. His spleene which can-  
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bitancy doe ye skarre vs  
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vs headlong to that in-  
conuenience, which we  
seldome warily recover ;  
but which we rather  
shamefully repent too late?  
If these Tempests boyse  
and tosse vs, we rarely re-  
couer our harbour ; but  
our Ship is either swal-  
lowed of gulfes, buried in  
the waves, or split upon

K 5      the

the rocks. Our Affections (for they haue their Office in vs, without their Fault) become chaste Hand-maids to our Minds, while carefully and discreetly curb'd and awed: but give them leauē, and Liberty, and they turne inordinate Prostitutes to our lusts. Sit close to the Sterne, and let these only apply their owne Oares; and the Ship sayles with a merry gale, and prosperous: But let loose the Reines, and (as untamed Horses) they hurry along; and at last they

they throw their Rider.  
Fire is a good Servant, but  
a bad Master ; usefull  
upon the hearth, but hurt-  
full beyond the bounds :  
Such are our fiery Affe-  
ctions also: we are not Ty-  
rants, but must be ma-  
sters ouer them: we cannot  
root them; we must re-  
straine them. Let H A -  
GAR sit aboue S A R A H ,  
and steele stirre contenti-  
on in the whole House  
of A B R A H A M . That  
these Bond Huswifes (our  
Affections ) vsurpe ouer  
Reason, that Free Ma-  
tron, is enough to disturbe  
and

and distract the whole Man. These are the troubled waters, in which we cannot see our faces, and shapes: nay, in which we wallow purposely, that we may not see them. These are the dusky Clouds, that obscure the Sunne of our little world, our Reason. If these boisterous Winds get head against vs; they trouble our Sea, perplex our Pilot, split our Ship, and drive vs all to wracke. But I say no more to my Selfe. We may bewraye our Selves in Others; it is in vaine, that

we

we warne Others within  
our Selues. Haue after  
the Hastling ; nay, haue  
at him with an en-  
counter as resolute, as  
speedy.

But soft ; not too  
nearre him. The man  
turnes bigge, and lower  
vpon me. He seem'd  
Impatient at the first ;  
and now growes Fu-  
rious at a next affront.  
*Anger is wont to resist and  
assault those it meets with,  
as those it aymes at : and  
growes as short against the  
meane occurrences, as  
against the maine Oppo-  
site.*

site. See, see ! Hee's all on  
a froth and fume. Looke  
on him well, and like  
him worse. His Head  
startles, Haires bri-  
stle, Browes wrinkle,  
Eyes sparkle, Teeth  
chatter, Tongue stam-  
mers, lips quauer, Ioynts  
tremble, Hands clap,  
Fingers twitter, Feet  
wander : His Bloud ri-  
ses, Stomacke fills,  
veines swell ; His Heart  
burnes, Breast boyles,  
Breath shortens, and his  
Colour goes and  
comes : Now red as fire,  
now pale as a clout;  
now

now rashly hot and flaming, now fearfully wanke and chill. What vncouth alterations of Mind? Did you euer see such franticke anticke gestures of Body ? In this Glasse ( I warne you all ) behold, and abhorre yourselues. Did he here also see himselfe, he would scarce know himselfe; yet scarce that, ere loath himselfe. The Man quite marres a good Face of his owne. How vncomely and loathsome is his Mind now ( could you marke it )  
that

that workes these distempers, and distractions in his Body? He seemes ( me thinkes ) as vgly, as ouragious: and his Feature not more vnseemely, than his Feats. Marke him now : Now he stands, now starts, now stampes, now Stares, now shrugges, now scratches, now snuffles, now grinnes, now gapes, now wrings. Such Apish tricks, such Bedlam prancks; as you would iudge him (in his Fitt) either a Foole, or or madman: And who  
will

will think you other in his case ? Anger is a short madnesse. A peccuall passion, that thus distempers and distractes vs ! of all our hard and aduerse Affections, the most barsh and churlish. The rest haue some easement; this only will no mitigation. Feare hath some Boldnesse; Sorrow some Joy; Despayre some Hope; this Fury only hath no mercy. They moue vs, but this irrages : They disturbance, but this confounds our quiet.

Yet more tricks with  
this

this angry Ape ? Come  
a loft Iack: Sirrah ? How  
doe your fellow Brutes  
startle and bestirre them  
in a moued mood ? See  
the Sport : He now  
rampes like a Lion, bri-  
stles like a Boare, fomes  
like a Beare, kicks like a  
Horse, stampes like a  
Bull, pushes like a Ram,  
grinnes like a Dogge,  
scratches like a Cat,  
swels like a Toad, hisses  
like a Snake , bills like  
a Cocke, tugges like a  
Goose, buzzes like a  
Beetle, stings like a  
Waspe, and now  
mumps

mumpes and mowes like himselfe. Nay about Iacke. He now bends his browes, gnashes his teeth, scratches his head, teares his haire, beats his breast, wrings his hands, smites the post with his fist, and spurns the dust before him with his feet. The angry Ape said I? I should haue said the Ape of Anger. There is no sauage-nesse of Beasts, which he here imitates not, if not exceeds. Nay, hee'le follow the very Fiends

in

in his fury. *Man is in nothing more Brutish* (I yet say not Deuillish) *than in his Anger.* He is well compared, to what he so well resembles. I shall thinke him neither better, nor other than a Beast; that suffers his sensesse paſſion to blinde and ſway the Reason of a Man. No better than a Beast? Much worse. *A Beast knowes not how to be angry:* *Anger is the Anger of a man.* Mans is the ſin; a Beasts is but the ſhadow, and ſhape of Anger:

A

A Beast oft shewes the violence ; a Man only bath the vice thereof : Such (perhaps) seize, wound, kill; roare, and bray, bellow and bleat : yet forthwith (for all the Anger, or Sorrow) fall to Feed, or Sleepe : He only bath this Ground, and Grudge within him. And hereupon, no Man but prone, no Beast but loth to be prouoked : It striues still to shunne, what he oft thirsts to iuocre.

My Friend, be faire condition'd ; tis best for you to know, and loue

loue your selfe. Nay my haughty Haire-braines,  
tis no pishing, tushing,  
laughing, scowling,  
scoffing, scorning matter.  
Scorne thou my Pi-  
ty, while I pity thy  
Scorne. Another hath  
wronged thee ; alas !  
and alas that thou  
therefore wrongst thy  
selfe : Thou needs must  
vex thy selfe, because  
another hath vexed  
thee. I had thought  
( however ) that thou  
couldst not so haue ha-  
ted Another, as not to  
loue thy Selfe. But  
what

what carest thou, how thou hazards thee, to hurt him. A Bee hath stung thee, and thou'lt pull the whole Hiue about thy eares : yea (silly Bee ! ) thy selfe wilt also sting, though in the losse of thy Sting, thou lose thy Life. Thou'lt throw thy Dart howeuer, though more by that meanes light vpon thee. It is nothing, if thou perish in his ruine. Ah silly Fencer ! but naked, and yet spightfull in thy Frayes ; that lookest only

only where to hit the  
the other, not where to  
guard thy selfe. An an-  
gry Man is his owne  
worst enemy ; and of-  
fends none more than  
himselfe : Hee is often  
more crucified in the  
Thirst ; than the other  
damnified in the Execu-  
tion of Reuenge. Anger is  
a Fury, that tightly  
haunts the heart, that  
harbours it : a Viper that  
worthily gnares the  
wombe, that doth con-  
ceive it. It is but iust,  
that an inordinate Mind  
and froward, should be a  
Plague,

Plague, a Torment, a  
Danger, a Destruction to  
it selfe.

I haue cast thy Wa-  
ter : Ile tell thee what  
thou feeleſ, which ( be-  
cause thou feeleſ ) thou  
canſt not tell. Thy Dil-  
eafe is the ſpice of an  
Ague ; commonly cal-  
led the Physicians  
Shame ; which euery  
Man is here to himſelfe.  
The Ground is a chole-  
ricke Humour, the Seat  
a naughty Stomack, the  
Cause a bad Digestion,  
of hard meats eſpecially ; the Signe a Bur-

L ning,

ning, a Shaking Fit ;  
the Effects a Distem-  
per of the Body, and a  
Distraction of the  
Mind : the Cure is, to be  
let bloud in a Wilde  
Veine, to purge gently  
for Choler, to abstaine  
from sharpe and bitter  
Prouocations, and ap-  
ply thy stomacke only  
with pleasant and easie  
Leniments. Nay if you  
take it not in time, be-  
fore the third Fit at the  
furthest ; it growes to  
more Diseases, than I  
can either Cure, or  
Count. Then is it the

In-

Inflaming of the Blood,  
the Swimming of the  
Braine, the Blearing of  
the Eyes, the Burning  
of the Heart, the Bel-  
ching of the Stomacke,  
the Shaking of the  
Hands : Strifes Inflam-  
mation, and loues Op-  
pilation ; the Drop-  
sic of Indignities,  
and Consumption of  
all Humanity. The  
Minds Extasic, casting  
Reason in a trance :  
the Bodies Lethargie,  
lulling the sense asleepe.  
Name me any thing  
thats bad ; and it is no  
L 2 better.

better. A roaring Lion,  
a rauening Wolfe, a sa-  
uage Tigre, a wilde  
Boare, a she Beare; an  
vntamed Beast, an vn-  
bridled Horse, an vn-  
yoked Ox, an vntaught  
Ape : a Cloud, a  
Wind, a Showre, a  
Storme, a Sea, a Wauc,  
a Gulfe, a Rocke, a  
Wracke ; a Rake, a  
Pit, a Hell. All the Ele-  
ments out of their ele-  
ment. A consuming  
Fire, a pestilent Ayre,  
troubled Water, and a  
quaking Earth. Thus  
can I call it all that's  
bad;

bad ; and what shall I lay to thee ? A foule euill is Anger, and egregious. Theres no Euill, which it either causes not, or matches not. What Euills to Strifes, Enuiies, Murders ? and whence are they ? What Euills doe men beyond it : and amongst vs Men, What Euills are done beside it ?

Thou knowst ( perhaps ) nor it, nor thy selfe, by these Names of mine : or lou'st rather not to heare on't in harsh tearmes. I now come to thee ; thus

mince it with thee. It is  
forsooth (as you com-  
monly call it) an Hasty  
nature : So ; its thus  
knownc in all: but how  
call you it each in o-  
ther ? Oh, tis the Soul-  
diers Stoutnesse, the  
Ministers Earnestnesse,  
the Womans Pettish-  
nesse, the Sicke-mans  
Pecuynnes, the Young-  
mans Rashnesse, the  
Old-mans Testinesse,  
the Priuate-mans Cho-  
ler, and the Great mans  
Displeasure. Be it so in  
the Seueralls ; what is it  
yet in the Summe ? E-

very

uery man in his Hu-  
mour ; and yet but one  
Humour in euery Man.  
Are Sinnes leſſe, for the  
variety of Names,  
and Subiects ? Anger may  
be more impotent in one  
than other ; yet is it not  
leſſe euill. We all haue not  
our Might answerable to  
our Mood. It is with more  
Rancour, than Power,  
that the very Waſtſings,  
and Worme turnes againe.

But its good (and it be  
but to sharpen a mans  
wits ) to be angry a lit-  
tle, now and then. Why  
not better, to be al-

L 4 waycs

wayes more ? A Good thing is not Ill, because it is more. The Thing is merely euill, whose Increase may make it worse. Vertues onely know a meane : Vices haue a more or lesse. *A lesse Euill bath not more Benefit, but lesse Danger:* *A lesse Anger, is a lesse Euill;* it therefore Profits not more, but hurts lesse.

Who I angry at thee ?  
at thy Anger rather :  
Nor angry at thy An-  
ger I. It is not fitting a  
Fault should take vp  
on

on it, to correct a Fault. Yet let me say; Zeale, and Justice, reprehend and punish, with earnestnesse, with severity; not rage, nor cruelty. The Philosopher would not smite his Seruant, because he was angry: nor ( were I so) would I chide thee. We are not angry at him, to whom we would the Amendment of euill, together with the punishment. Is the Law therefore angry, because it conuicts, the Judge because bee condemnes, the Officer be-

L s cause

cause bee executes the Malefactor ? It is Pietie that moues here, not Infirmitie. The sword of Injustice is not put into a Madmans hand. Autboritie requires not a rash, a lawlesse rigour ; to what a graue, and iust seuerity can execute. Are Magistrates set for Posts, and Cyphers ; idle, and immoueable ? It is the Spurre of their Office, that now moues them : They are angry at Enormities ; the very Cause is enough, to exempt it from that Name : It is not perturbation,

turbation now, but indignation. Take away this spirit and life of the Common Wealth ; and each ciuill Society faints in dulnesse and heartlesnesse; yeagroanes vnder disorder, confusednesse and ruine. These may sin, in being not angry : These may bee angry and sinne not : Thou both art angry, and finnest.

True, true ; The Ant (I know) hath her gall, the Flie her spleene, and the Worme will turne againe. Nature (I haue learned)

learned ) hath giuen to all Creatures a desire and endeuour to preseruethemselues in their proper Being: and hence it is they so resist, or auoid whatsoeuer may oppose, or endanger it. Euen vilest Creatures wax offended, at what may molest their peace and safety : How much rather then is the noblest Creature displeased at injuries, at indignities ? A Man is worthily moued at his Friends Wrong, and his owne : and a Christian ( above all ) at his

his Gods Dishonour. But what a Man is he, that will wrangle with a Worme; that will fight with a Flie ; that a Mouse can moue him ? We haue such a sort of touchy Spirits ; whose Tinder hearts , apt to receiue the least Spakc of a Flisy offence ; kindle forthwith the Match of Contention. Like Thunder and Lightning, a Cracke and a Flash, a Word and a Blow. The Deuill ( I thinke ) at first extracted Salt-Peter from their

their moulds and ashes :  
Their very Nature is  
Gunpowder ; you can  
no sooner touch it, than  
it flies in your face.  
Theres a Sparke, all  
Fire and Tow ; euery  
blast of breach is the  
Bellowes to kindle him  
and euery Blocke in his  
way, is Fewell for his  
Fire. He is too forward in  
his Frowardnesse, that falleth  
out with euery Thing, vpon  
on euery Occasion. Say  
no Occasion be giuen  
him ; hee'll rather faine  
it, than want it. Say  
no Thing oppose him ;  
hee'll

hee'le yet be at oddes  
with himselfe. Anger is  
oft impatient, euен of Ob-  
seruance : and longs to be  
erost, that so it may get to  
uent it selfe. Say still as  
he layes, to sooth him ;  
yet hee'le hastily bid  
you ( as Cælius the Sena-  
tour bade his yeelding  
*Client* ) say somewhat  
against him ; that so you  
may be knowne to be  
one beside him. Hee'le  
wrangle with you for  
Goats haire, and stand  
against you for a  
Straw. Pinnes, and  
Points, are enough to  
set

let Boyes together by  
the eares. He takes it in  
high disdaine, you so  
carelesly bedasht his  
Doublet ; and vowed  
to be even with you,  
since you hapt to tread  
vpon his Toes. You  
haue either taken the  
Wall, or not pledg'd  
the Health; and he must  
needs fight with you.  
He frets and fumes at  
his Fortune; Curses and  
conjures the Deuill, and  
the Witch ; bites, and  
burnes Cards and Dice;  
and now he is satisfied  
in a silly reuenge. There

is

is no Trifle, which a  
Wise man cannot laugh  
at ; or a Foole be angry  
at. Rather than his in-  
juries shall be vnrueuen-  
ged ; hee'l pursue the  
Waspe that stung him,  
bawle with the Dogge  
that barks at him, beat  
the Wind that blowes  
in his face, fight with  
the Post that with-  
stands him, and spurne  
the very Stone he stum-  
bles at. Creatures all as  
insensible of his Anger  
and Reuenge ; as him-  
selfe is of the Euill and  
Indiscretion. I haue  
seene

seeue a Childe, that  
fallen, full Angerly  
would beat the Ground:  
Somewhat had of-  
fended it, and it did not  
know what to be re-  
uenged of. Children  
are moued with but ap-  
pearances of hurt and  
wrong : and likewise  
are appeased but with  
fained strokes and  
teares. How Babish are  
we men in our Passions?  
We are easily angry, but  
at what we know not:  
Something seemes to  
wrong vs, and we haue  
some desire of reuenge.

It

It is a shadow of Offence,  
that moues vs ; and a  
shadow of Amends, will  
still vs. A but counter-  
feited Appeasement, is  
enough to a but conceited  
Indignation.

Bid B A L A A M  
hold his hands ; and  
smite no Ass, but him-  
selfe. Can he neither see,  
nor feele ; to strike so  
at himselfe through her  
sides ? Poore Ass ! she  
had too much of his  
Load ; though he had  
spar'd his strokes. But  
hee will needs stab her  
for stumbling. I haue  
knowne

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fallen, full Angerly  
would beat the Ground:  
Somewhat had of-  
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knownc such Bedlam no  
Balaams, as would Sou  
wrathfully reuile and thc  
curse, furiously smite ha  
and slay their silly an  
Beast, for but failing or fel  
falling vnder them; wa  
when ( alas ) already ca  
wcaried or maimed by  
them. How shall I thinke  
him other than Brutisb;  
that will match and mea  
sure his indignation to a  
Beast ? N A A M A N  
snuffes, because his  
Physitian would cure  
him another, and bet  
ter way, than hec  
thought. He lookt he  
should

should heale him by the  
Sound of a word, by  
the Touch of a finger:  
had he not better Wash,  
and be healed by him-  
selfe? Hee thought this  
was not so good ; be-  
cause he thought not of  
it. Reason would haue  
esteemed that, which  
was the best : his Rash-  
nesse would haue that  
best, which hee had  
esteemed. *The Reason of*  
*a Man alwayes thinkes*  
*what is fittest to be done:*  
*his Rashnesse only hastens*  
*him to doe, what hee*  
*thinkes. This Euill hath*

*Anger*

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Anger

Anger also, that it will  
not be aduised. It ( while  
it opposes euery thing )  
endures not any thing  
should oppose it. It iudges  
after its owne Fancie, and  
does accordingly ; and  
will by no meanes bee  
drawne from it selfe. The  
Truth is but a Tale, that  
gaine-sayes : and the  
Right does it Wrong, that  
appugnes it. No mans  
Anger seemes ruiust to  
himselfe. Howeuer, it  
thinks better of Obstina-  
cie, than Repentance: and  
will repeat rather, than  
recant the Euill: yea, wil

the

the rather seeme to iustifie it, because it would not seem to accuse it selfe. N A A M A N therefore distasted the Waters of I O R D A N ; because he was only enamoured of the Riuers of D A M A S C V S. Many men rashly kicke at, and peevishly interpret at the worst, what is Said, or Done for the best ; only because it thwartes and crosses their peruerse and Obstinate Humour.

B A L A A M stomachs his Ass ; and I O N A S peters for his Gourd.

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B A L A A M stomachs his Ass ; and I O N A S pers for his Gourd.

Gourd. Theres no such Impatience of Men, no such Indiscretion; as to be moued at Trifles, to murmur for them. It is but Childish (you will say) to whine for Puppets. What shall I say of these? The Mind is but base like them, that so values them, to be so angry for them. A generous Horse will scorne to meddle with a bawling Curre. The vilest Natures are the most querulous and contentious: much more invilest Things. A Foole, a Childe,

Childe, a Woman, a  
Sicke man, and hee  
thats twice a Childe,  
(they of the feeblest  
Condition, Sex, and  
Age) name me one be-  
side them, so easily and  
vnadvisedly moued.  
Be not thou one of  
them, and let them be  
all One. So he wisely  
Counsels thee. *Bee  
not hasty in thy spi-  
rit to be angry : for  
anger resteth in the  
bosome of Fooles.*

I haue Irak't vp your  
• M Stubble;

Subble ; soone in, soone  
out ; soone hot, soone  
cold ? I must hammer  
your Wedge too, that's  
so long in heating, and  
burnes so sore. The yel-  
ping Curre did but  
snarle and snatch, and  
I shooke him off : this  
sullen Dogge will fasten  
hard, and bite sore ( I  
feare me ) he lookes so  
grimme. But I'll now  
doe my best to staue  
him. Ha ! The Mad-  
man and his sword are  
ill met : It were safer  
that the curst Cowes  
horns were shorter. An-

ger

ger is so wretched of it selfe, and impotent ; that it thunders it, when it hath now gotten authority and power. Take heed of him ; hee hath drawne his blade, and vowes, not to put it vp, till he be revenged : His Life ( he sweares ) shall answer for the Wrong. Oh how hee'lle hacke him, and hew him, the next hee meets him. Doe you heare him ? Hee'lle cleave his Coxcombe, bumbaste his hide, rattle his bones, split his heart, let out

M 2 his

his puddings about his  
heeles, and garter him in  
his guts. His bloud is vp;  
and will not settle, but  
in bloud. Outragious  
and bloudy villaine!  
irfull Hell-hound, sa-  
uage Tigre, Monster  
of Men, and Deuill of  
Monsters. Thou goest  
about to reuenge one,  
and a petty Indignitie;  
and so offcrest another,  
and more hatefull Inju-  
rie. Anger ( Ob this An-  
ger) is not any unreasonable  
only, but an unruly  
Passion. It knowes nei-  
ther Ground, nor Bound;

while

while it is both Causlesse,  
and Extreme. Cursed  
G A I N ! looke vpon  
thy Brother, he is thy  
Makers Image also ; as  
fearcfully and wonderfu-  
ly made, as thy selfe : his  
bones, and haires are as  
strictly numbred, and his  
bloud more precious in his  
Makers Eyes. What Fu-  
ry of Hell prouokes thee  
to destroy that Image ;  
which no art, no ability  
of thine can repaire ; no  
amends can acquit ?  
Tush ! whats a Death  
to a Dishonour ? His  
Life shall but pay for  
M 3      thy

thy Disgrace : Ah ! nor thy Confusion, but for his Life.

The LAW ( when it was vsed at the most, and interpreted at the worst ) allowed no more, than an Eye for an Eye, a Tooth for a Tooth, a Hand for a Hand, a Foot for a Foot ; Stripe for Stripe, Wound for Wound ; but Bloud answered not but for Bloud ; nor but for Life, was Life required. Do I instance ( think'st thou ) for thy priuate Retaliation of wrongs ?

wrongs ? rather against  
that ouerplus of Euill,  
whereby thy reuenge  
tyrannizes so farre be-  
yond the Offence. H E,  
that knew best how  
farre that L A W did  
stretch, and how long  
it should last ; now  
tells thee otherwise :  
*Yee haue heard that  
it hath beene said,  
an eye for an eye,  
and a tooth for a  
tooth : But I say vnto  
you, that ye resist  
not Euill. The Talion*

Law (when it was) was  
for publike Iustice, not  
for priuate Revenge:  
Especially, sith the Re-  
uenge of a man knowes no  
Order, holds no Equalitie,  
in his owne wrong : So  
that commonly there is  
more wrong in the Re-  
uenge done, than in the  
Wrong received. Hee  
hath endamaged thy  
Goods ; must thou ther-  
fore assault his Per-  
son ? Hee hath borne thy  
Coat ; must thou there-  
fore teare his Flesh ? Hee  
pluckes thee by the  
Haire ; wilt thou ther-  
fore

forc pull him by the Throat ? He hath blemished thy Name ; and must thou therefore spoile his Life ? While thou wilt be thus satisfied, for the wrong hee hath done thee : what satisfaction wilt thou make him ; for the wrong thou hast done ? *Hee is the more Offender himselfe, that seekes to auenge him aboue the Offence.* Let it not be pleaded, whether haue first, or last : it shall be iudged, whether hath most offended. Besides the Ground,

M 5 and

and Occasion thereof; this  
euill bath Anger in the  
End, and Execution; that  
it is vniust. His Wrath is  
iust alone, that shall once  
render to euery one accor-  
ding to his Workes. Thou  
wicked S E R V A N T, and  
mercilesse! Wilt thou pull  
thy Fellow by the throat,  
and hale him to Prison,  
for a few Farthing Tres-  
passes? Thy L O R D shall  
once binde thee hand and  
foot, and cast thee into  
Vitter Darknesse for many  
Talent Offences.

Anger is but the De-  
uils Wrath; and the angry  
Man

*Man but his Weapon : A  
Weapon wherewith hee  
kills double, or two at  
once ; ones Soule together  
with anothers Body. Hel-  
lish Instruments of Fury  
are they all, to set a  
World in combustion ;  
and bring themselues to  
confusion. What a spite  
is this ? Thus the Deuill  
vies Mans hand, for  
Mans destruction. Thus  
laughs the Aduersary,  
that euery mans Sword  
is in his Fellowes side :  
thus glories, that Man is  
his owne, and others ru-  
ine. God made Man Mans  
God :*

God : but the Deuill thus  
makes Man Mans Deuill.  
Shall I turne Actor in  
this balefull Tragedie  
of Men, and Dayes; and  
inueigh against this  
Fury of the World ?  
Dierefull Myscreant, and  
hatefull Monster of Hell !  
impatient of our Being,  
irefull at our Quiet, hurt-  
full to our Safetie, and  
dismall through all our  
Dayes ! Who but SATAN  
did first enwombe thee ?  
Woe, and alas ! that Man  
did cuer enbosome thee.  
Thy rage hath vndone  
more Liues, than the  
force

force of Death bath dissolved. Thou Plague of Mankind ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Earth hast cost them such measurelesse, such numberlesse, Bloud and Wounds. Not Tigres, not Dogges, not Vipers; but Men, as Men are growne the impatient, the foward, and stubborne Generation: thus runnawardly doe they degenerate from themselves. The Lion, the Beare, the Wolfe; feed on the Hart, the Asse, the Sheepe: but Man thirsteth after Mans bloud; and the greedy Cannibal.

ball gluts himselfe with Mans flesh. Aske why he is so hungry ? It is because he is lo angry at his Fare : It is his Fury that prouokes him to that Dogged Appetite ; and gets him such a Stomack to it. *Reuenge* is but the Executioner of all those Cruelties, whereof Anger is the first Inventor: That but the Practitioner, this the Engi-neere. Whence come Stabbings, Stranglings, Poysonings, and rufull Maceratings ? This first taught, and vrged, to digge

digge out a mans Eyes,  
to slit his Nose, to cut  
out his Tongue, to hew  
off his hands, to carbo-  
nate his Flesh, and shiuer  
his Bones. Yet more,  
and worse ; Because it  
will not doe a Man the  
Fauour to dispatch him:  
it studieth to put him to  
as many Deaths, as  
Wounds : and thinkes  
that if he perish other,  
or sooner than it would;  
that he hath as good as  
escaped, in comparison  
to what it meant him.

*Diuers habb this Euill di-  
uersly surpriz'd and ru-  
in'd.*

in'd. One in his Bed,  
another at his Table,  
another on his Way,  
another in the Church.  
Not Time, Place, Persons,  
Occasions, can forbid An-  
gers rash and raging at-  
tempts. Widowes and  
Orphans, Young and  
Old, lament and curse  
this. Euill ; since it va-  
tinely tooke away the  
Husband from the Wife  
of his bosome, the Pa-  
rent from the tender In-  
fants head, the stasse of  
his age from the aged  
Father. What say I thus  
of some? This Firebrand

of the World, hath set all Nations together by the cares, hath dilapidated whole Cities, depopulated whole countries: hath made mountaines of Carkasses, Rivers of Bloud, and Mists of gasping Breaths: Outrageous Hagge, and odious! had the World but one Head; she (with *Caligula*) would strike it off at a blow: So she might see the whole Fabricke in a flame; shee (*Nero-like*) would not grudge her ashes to a second Chaos.

Chaos. This euill bath  
Anger thought, and done ;  
and would yet do more : It  
neuer but had a desire,  
above the power ; a thirst,  
beyond the practice of re-  
uenge. Yet it thunders,  
though it now can dart  
no more : hauing done  
the vtmost spite and rage,  
it yet will threaten worse.  
Thus ( as followeth )  
haue the Furious vowed  
and sworne against  
the liues of their Ad-  
uersaries : To giue their  
Carkasses to the Beasts  
of the field, . to the  
Fowles of the aire ; to  
strow

strow their ashes vpon  
the Sea ; to make them  
they shall neither know,  
nor say who hurt  
them ; nor to leaue so  
much as one, to carry  
newves of the rest : That  
hee'le make them eat  
their owne dung, and  
drinke their owne  
stale ; that not their  
God shall deliuer them  
out of his hands :  
That he meanes to  
ply them with Pow-  
der and Pellets, as  
thicke as mist and  
haile ; that hee'le tread  
their Gray-haires to  
their

their well nigh return'd dust ; strangle the Infant in the Parents eye, and arm'd; Spoile their Virgins, rip vp their Bigge, bereave their Mothers ; Make their Men to draw in his Waggoons, to grinde in his Mills, to dig in his Mines : Their Princes necks shall bee but his Footstooles ; and their Young-mens backes but the Asses for his loads: Thus roare the Lions, thus hisse the Serpents, thus bark the Dogges. Nought but  
spue

Spue out their rancour,  
but breath out reuenge.

These haue ( I marke )  
most commonly gone  
together ( I would like  
Fellowes to the Gal-  
lowes ) the Angry, and  
the bloody minded.

Murder was the first  
fruits of Anger, C A I N  
rose up in a Fury against  
his Brother, and slew him.

So, the Brethren in  
iniquitie : What of  
them ? Fearefull ! and  
to bee detested : In  
their Anger they  
DIO. 15.  
B. 1. 1. 1.  
slew

slew a man : And therefore (may such other, fare no better )

*Cursed be their Anger, for it was fierce ; and their Wrath, for it was Cruell.* As for me, ( and so sayes euery harmless Spirit) *O my soule ! come not thou into their secret : vnto their assembly (mine Honour ! ) be not thou united.*

Theres yet an old Beare to bait : I would

he

he were blinde, or toothlesse ; it would be good sport to whip him. What must hee such haling to the stake ? As loth as hee is to come thither ; I would bee loth to trust him there. That bubbling Brooke was more turbulent : but this still and standing Lake is more violent ; Old Anger ( I meane ) which makes up the slownesse, in the weight of Ire. A Monster of a tedious breeding, of an unfortunate birth ; a Serpent

old

of

of a Difficult hatch, and  
dangerous ; an ill Li-  
quour that being kept  
too long, hath tarted  
and tainted the Caske;  
a Poole that hath for-  
merly beeне stirred, and  
yet can finde no time to  
settle : a Lion that long  
couches, and slum-  
bers fullenly; yet rouzes  
him in the end, and  
roares hideously : a Fire  
that hauing long laine  
smothered, breaks out  
at last into a fierce and  
furious flame : a mote  
at first, that offendeth ; a  
Beame at last, that  
blinds

blinds the eye. Comparisons are not here more odious, than is the Vice. Liken (and you will) the growth of this ill Weed, to anything that maketh worse.

Marke how to stint, and stop it. Crush the Cockatrice in the Egge, push the Scorpion in the shell, hunt the Young Foxes, while they are yet but petty Cubs ; take the Small Brat, and dash his head against a stone. Anger is a disease, with more ease, and honesty, prevented ; than recovered. This Fu-

N ry

by God, as also by  
WhaleBeasts, and Ser-  
pents; namely, change  
their Names, as they  
grow in bignesse, and  
yeares. In the infancy,  
they call it Haste, and  
Puffion; in the Youth,  
Anger and Choler; in the  
Grownnesse, and in the  
Old Age, Hatred  
and Malice. Thus do I  
distinguish the Age;  
but how I also deter-  
mine it? Anger is then  
Old, when it liues above a  
Day. It then liues too  
long, when it suruiues  
the Ephemeron: which  
(they

(they say) liues no longer ; than I said Anger ought to liue. He that bids You *Let not the Sun goe downne vpon thy Wrath* ; forbids withall, you should let the Sun (gone downe) to rise vpon it. Two Suns are too many for an angry man to see. Accession o' dayes addes vnto this Euill. Haste is so turn'd hatred ; For so is it defined. Hatred is an aged, and strengthened Anger ; and Anger doubled by dayes, and degrees. Ha-

N 2 tred

tered ( for so I now call it ) hauing taken long and deepe root in the hearts of Men, is not readily & easily weed-ed thence. *A mans loue oft turnes to hate ; his Hate seldom returns to Loue.* Implacable man, and impious ! His euill lasts with his Life : Nay, when he is dead, it will be a Question ( as was of Sylla ) whether Hee, or his Anger died soonest ? They story Some to haue hated so while they liued ; that dead, and burned together, their

their flame notwithstanding was diuided :  
And Others, who slaine together , their bloud  
refused to be mingled.  
*The Sinne of a Man out-*  
*liues himselfe : this Sinne*  
*especially. A Good mans*  
*Anger (they say ) is soone*  
*dead : but a bad Man ( I*  
*see ) is sooner dead, than*  
*bis Anger.*

How cam'st thou  
(prethee) to be so cholericke ? The Man (I  
know well) hath it by  
Kinne, it cost him  
nought. I was saying,  
the Hate and Ire of Men

N 3 liu'd,

liu'd, when Men were dead. I cannot say, their Hate liues with the Dead: I haue noted, the Dead haue deriu'd their hatred to the Liuing (I speake not of Enmitie betwixt Nation and Nation ; so mutuall, so continuall.) The Man hates, the Sonne hates; and why? his Friend, or Father hated formerly. Hee bat euilly succeeds, that will be heire also to his Fathers euills. There is obserued a naturall Antipathie, an hidden Enmitie, or inbred A-

uers-

variancess betwixt them  
and honest doa & her whilte  
the Duke and duchess Oliver,  
the Vuite shd i the Godes  
worsh. Betwixt the Beasts  
and Beastsong hystories  
the Elephants and the  
Dragons, & the Panthers  
and the Hyenaes, & the  
Scorpions & the Scorpions,  
the Spiders and the  
Toads; Birds and Birds;  
the Eagles & the Wren-  
ches. Of the boathen in other  
Birdes & Fishes & Fishes;  
the Lampreys and the  
Conger, and the divers  
great fishs called Oysters  
and Breams and Mackerels  
and

natt and contrary Qualities are obserued betwixt Man and Man: though indeed, the succession of Hatred would giue to note (as it were) a natu-  
rall Antipathie betwixt them. Wee know, and say it is their Vice, how-  
ever they would make vs belieue it is their Na-  
ture that sets them at so  
voluminous oddes. Harkle,  
Gentlemen, & thou that art  
once proceeded from thy  
Fathers Rieb, and Fro-  
m thy selfe, that in kindest  
thou budgeste me to say,

his Stocke , if from his Vice : There was never but one Enmitie worthy, yea necessary the propagating ; euен that, which God (at first) provoked, and proclaimed irreconcileable : I will put Enmitie betweene thee, and the Woman ; and betweene thy Seed , and her Seed . Ah thou Traitor to thy God, and Foe to thine owne Soule ! why makeſt thou a Couenant with thine, and thy fore-

N s fathers.

father's Aduersary ? That mortall iarre was only to be deriued to Succession. How many Sonnes haue vindicated their Fathers wrongs to the full ? Euen successions of Families haue continued the Strife and Debate, their fore-fathers began betwixt their Houses. Alas ! that an ISRAELITE grudges at, and striues with an ISRAELITE (a Man with a Man, a Christian with a Christian) And yet rather suffers any Injury, and Slavery; than breake an h. i. rd Covenant, a soa-

red Peace with PHARAOH, the Deutl. O all  
ye carnall Sons of ADAM! Impes toge-  
ther of thy Envyns, and  
Lusts: How is it ye haue  
forgotten the Old Quar-  
rell; though it bega-  
n in your Fifties? Did  
ther; yet it equally con-  
cernes your Selues? You  
haue an Adversary to you  
all; who wrangle; and  
strugge yee, one with the  
other? Were you not  
inured to him; you could  
not then be divided against  
your Selues?   
Me thinks, I should

( by

(by this) make thee al-  
ways angry at nothing but thine  
Anger. If Anger ( as I  
haue said ) be a Passion  
so inordinate, vnseemly,  
Brutish, Pusillanimous,  
Enuious and mischie-  
vous ; if it haue neither  
Ground, nor End ; if  
neither Delight, nor  
Gaine ; if it obscure  
Reason, and exclude  
Grace ; if it bee dete-  
stable to God, Di-  
stastefull to Man, and  
Paciudiciall to him-  
selfe ; What wisc man,  
and Good, will now be  
angry ? Hadi Anger ei-  
ther

tber Pleasure, or Profit  
in it ; there were some en-  
ticeinent to it. But Anger  
is an Euill, euery wayes so  
euill ; that it carries no  
colour for its entertain-  
ment. It is by a shew of  
profit, or Delight ; that  
other Sinnes insinuate  
this sinne of Anger only,  
intrudes vpon a Man,  
with palpable vexation,  
and losse.

Yea, but thou canst  
temper thy selfe, and  
take vp thine Anger in  
time ; and cheeke it,  
ere it rush into these  
rash, and rigorous Ex-  
orbitances.

orbitances Telle mee;  
hadst thou not better  
quite exclude it; than  
( hausing admited it )  
now busie, and trouble  
thy selfe, to guide it? It is  
safer to keepe out, than  
get out of a Fray: and  
better not to hazard  
the Disease, than pre-  
sume upon the Remedy.  
The Counter ( by your  
leauue ) is not to��e  
taken vp, when you  
on his race, now in his  
speed: The Rocke is  
steep, and shoualt  
heade, how readilie, and  
easlie, dost thou slow  
downe to fall

fail past recovery ? Thy  
Sea is troubled, thy  
Ship is tossed, Anger  
fits Pilot ; and ( etc  
thou thinkst on an An-  
chor, an Harbour ) be-  
hold a Wracke. A man  
may with more ease for-  
bid his Anger ; than bee  
can command it : with  
more safety may bee pre-  
uent it, than recall it.  
The Entrance of many  
things are in our hands,  
but not their Issue. While  
yet it is not, Anger is the  
power of the Man : when  
it now is, the Man is in  
the power of his Anger.

Set

Set Anger once on foot,  
and it runnes, not so farre  
as you will let it ; but will  
hale you rather as farre  
as it lift. I cannot but  
smile, thou'lt needs ac-  
count thee Capraine,  
and This thy common  
Souldier ; to fight vnder  
thee, for thee : Lead him  
warily on, heele scarce  
come fairely off. While  
thou'lt sit Judge, to  
pass the Sentence ; and  
make it thy Cryer, to  
put thee in mind, and  
mood : be wise ; thou  
maist soone condemn  
thy selfe.

How

How Man? Call and account thee a Coward, an Ass, an Idiot, a Blocke, a Stoicke, a Stocke? And why? because thou wantest an Heart, a Spirit, the Valour, the Courage, to be angry at them; to check and curbe in thy Fury, the Indignities they doe thee. Tell them (and thou wilt.) from me; They only are so; that so say, so think. What a Madnesse of Men is this, and Folly of theirs? Are we therefore selfesasse, because not impatient of  
*distress*

*our*

our Wrangsd Balominds! thus to play upon our Patienoe. It is for Eoole, and Peasants, to judge them sorrowfully; whom they finde no peculiars for Khaires q Sand Milaines, so godd him the next Wrang; because he folcally pernaph has first ytreblinge him (and so say) the Best, and Wi-  
(est.) Anger addes Courage to the Miserable; but is not so without it; But rather, basely intibralls him to another's Power, and Mercy; while he is not in his own. Then the  
Peeuish

Peeuish, none more Sla-  
iſh: So base an Affecti-  
on, lurkes not bat in ba-  
lest breſts. Vileſt wret-  
ches are the rather mo-  
ued; because they would,  
but cannot be reuenged.  
What thinkſt thou of  
the Body, that yelpes,  
and yexes, at any ſmall  
ouſh, at every iuſten  
motion? is it not too  
too crazy? To cry out  
you hurt it, when you  
carce touch it. Verily,  
the Minde is as corrup-  
ted and cankred, as the  
Body vllerous; to  
ſhrinke and ſtrike, at  
eucry

euery push and pricke  
To stumble, and wrangle  
at euery Offence ; argues  
but the Minde wretched  
and infirme. I neuer saw  
any Man in this case ;  
whom I judged not  
Boyish, Womanish,  
Foolish, Sickish, or (at  
least) Old and Pecuious.  
Now on the contrary :  
None so magnanimous (in  
my minde ) as he that  
forgetteth iniuries. Nor  
am I of another minde  
than the Wise Man :  
*It is the glory of a  
Man, to passe ouer*

Transgression. It  
must needs be a right  
noble minde he beares ;  
that he can, but scornes  
to be reuenged. *A Man*  
*is a Lord in his Fauour :*  
*in his Anger is Man but a*  
*Slaue. He bath foughgt a*  
*Tout, and stately Fight ;*  
*bat bath subdued his Af-*  
*fections. I will euer*  
*thinke the best of such*  
*man one, and speake no*  
*worse. Bold Heart, and*  
*Braue ! that hath alrea-*  
*dy curbed his Passions,*  
*and cured them to a*  
*skarre : hauing only re*  
*maining*

maining) in himselfe  
but as it were the Sha-  
dowes, and Suspition  
of his Affections. But  
Coward is he (will I be  
bold to tell him) and  
base ! that (could he  
winnie a World) can-  
not here conquer him-  
selfe.

Thus much I o-  
Thee; and (valesse ba-  
ter) too much. Now  
heare mee of my Selfe  
Credit mee ; I either  
am, or (at least) woul-  
be so ; as I know wi-  
shew mee to thee  
though so I boast me  
not

not. It is Honestie, and  
but Modestie, that wee  
would so set forth our  
selues ; as willing Pat-  
ternes, for others to imi-  
tate : and not as idle  
Pictures only, to be ga-  
zed at.

I am not (Feather-  
like) stipted and tossed  
at euery pufse and blast  
of Discontentment :  
but strive rather to  
stand fast as a Pil-  
lar, & maugre the winds  
and stormes of iniurie  
and affences. I set mee  
like a stayed Rocket, to  
repell their surging, vr-  
ging

ging Waucs : and (like a Wall of Marble) returnt their angry darts into their owne faces and throats. Men shall see my Contempt, in a no notice of theirs. Though he would acknowledge his Offence ; I will (with Cato) not so much as acknowledge mee offended. *This is a stayenesse, is an Happinesse of our Minds; that we daine not to answer Fooles in their Folly.* You aske mee, why I doe not re- quite the Wrong ? I answer,

swer, because I feele it  
not. No wrong ( as I  
take it ) is done to him,  
that will not take it to  
himselfe. I take Wrong,  
as Honour : Honour is  
not in him, that is honou-  
red ; but in him that ho-  
nours : nor is Wrong in  
him that bath, but in him  
that doth the Wrong. Me  
thinks, A mans Reuenge  
is but the Confession, or  
the complaint of his owne  
vexation. Mine then  
would but tell them,  
how they haue troubled  
me. And vile Minds ( I  
know ) will the rather

O doc

docit, when they know how to vex me. It is enough to me ; I may, but will not quit the cuill. *Hee that will still doe all he can; it were better he sometimes could doe nothing.*

Shall I ( like my Dogge ) barke and bawle at the first push or rush ; not knowing whether it be my Friend or Foe that knocks at my doore ? Tberes no greater Folly, than to be angry at wee know not whom ; and for wee know not what. Or, will I bawle with

with the Dogge that barkes at me ? There is no folly, to the enterchange of spightfull speeches. The Tongue ( I know ) prouokes more than the Hand: and Men are apt to stomach rather what is Said, than what is done against them. I will not blow the coales of Ire with bitter Words : my soft Answer shall rather striue to appeale his Wrath. Nor ( when it is past ) shall he boast how he awed me, in my present yeeldance : sith I so guided him ; that had

O 2 neither

neither the wit nor power, to rule himselfe.  
*It is not Awe, but Discretion to forbear a Foole.*

I smile at BALAAM, that could be so angry at his Asse : and thinke, whether was more brutish, her Condition, or his Affection? *He is but a Brute himselfe, that thus will match himselfe against a Brute.* I laugh to read the angry Letter Xerxes wrote against the Mountaine Athos : threatening it that ( vnlesse it would make way to his Forces, and Desigues)

signes ) he would hew it downe, digge it vp, and cast it into the Sea. Was not hee a bold champion, that durst menace, and make vnto himselfe, so huge an Antagonist ? It still moues my Diaphragme, what once mou'd the spleene of *Cyrus*; that he vowed in a rage, (and accordingly atchieued ) to dren the profound Riuier *Gyndes*, so that Women and Children might goe dry-shod in it : and all was, because the base and vnman-

O ; nerly

nerly Billowes prelumed to beat in the Kings face ; and spared not to drowne one of his Maiesties Coach-horses. While he thus laboured to make it not a Riuer ; I would thus haue iudged, he made himselfe not a Man. *It is a ridiculous Folly of Men, to wreake their Anger vpon such Things ; as neither can feele it, nor doe deserue it.* I shall thinke that Man out of his right minde, that is angry at that thing, which never had

a minde to offend him ;  
no nor had a Minde.  
*Brute Things and inani-*  
*mate, may haue the Hip*  
*to burt vs ; they haue no*  
*Will to wrong vs.* Ha,ha;  
will a man be no wiser  
than his Dogge, to  
snarle and snatch at the  
stone, because it is flung  
at him : I abhor the vn-  
equall Ire of *Pollio*, that  
condemned his Slave  
to be devoured of his  
Lampreyes; for but the  
casuall breach of a Cry-  
stall Glasse: and applaud  
withall the iust displea-  
sure of *Augustus*, that

O 4 there-

therefore caused all his  
glasses to be broken,  
and his Deuourers to be  
stifled. It was good the  
vilest Dust should  
choke them, whom the  
nobleſt Fleſh ſhould  
but haue ſatisfied. *Ab  
the lightneſſe of ſuch  
Men! whom ſuch light  
things, and occasions can  
prouoke.* The glimme-  
ring of a Colour wil pro-  
uoke a Bull, the wagging  
of a Shadow will moue  
an Aſpe, the wapping  
of a Towell will vrge a  
Beare, the ſqueezing of  
Grapes will incenſe

an

an Elephant : And what  
is a Man vnlike these ;  
whom a Feather, a  
Straw, a Toy, a Trifle  
can thus incense, vrge,  
move, prouoke ? This is  
*the Folly of Mans Anger* ;  
*when the Passion is more,*  
*than the Cause.*

I am summoned,  
challenged, yea cowar-  
ded with indignities :  
and yet I lothly enter  
the lists of Strife ; or ra-  
ther enter not. Shall I  
there hazard me, where  
to be conquered is griev-  
ous, to conquer is but  
inglorious ? Will I raze

O s and

and trample the Dung  
and Dirt, whereby (the  
more I bestirre me, yea  
howeuer I behaueme)  
I am but the rather an-  
noyed, but defiled. The  
*pursuit of Anger is as a  
Suit in Law : the Plain-  
tiffe, the Defendant, both  
are losers in the end.* To  
contend thus with my  
Superiour, were dan-  
gerous ; with my E-  
quall, were doubifull ;  
with my Inferiour, were  
baſe. (*Anger is but a  
wretched euill, and for-  
lorne ; that is authori-  
zed, is patronized in no*

Degrees

*Degrees of Men.*) With my Superior will I feare, with my Equall will I blush, with my Inferior will I scorne to contest. Hath one or other offended me ? if he be vnder me, I will be so Good, as fauour him: if aboue me, I will be so Wise, as fauour my selfe. I will winke at the Childe, and Old man, for their weaknesse; at the Woman, for her Sex; at the Fool, and Mad-man, for their Condition. Yet so, as to let them know,

it

it was not well done,  
but rather taken so.  
*This is a Mans bothe quiet,  
and renowne; that he can  
forbeare. His Mildnesse  
shall pacifie his Aduersa-  
ries, while they cannot  
but wonder at it; shall  
procure him Friends,  
while they needs must af-  
fect it.*

My Affections are in  
my Custodie, and shall  
keepe within my Com-  
pass. I will so hold the  
reines, as that I can  
curbe, or loole them;  
not so much when it is  
my pleasure, but when

I see my time. We must  
leauue our liues, if we will  
auoid Offences : And of  
these, though many (when  
they come) may be borne  
with ; yet are not all to  
be neglected. We cannot  
(oft times) but be moued  
at the Euill of  
things. I that must loue  
my neighbour as my  
Selfe : may notwithstanding  
so hate his Vi-  
ces, as mine owne. An  
unreasonable Patience,  
is little better than an in-  
ordinate Anger. This  
kind of Dulnesse would  
not only incourage the  
Bad ;

Bad ; but even incite the  
Good, to doe euill. The  
Zeale of a Man is en-  
moured of the Vertuous;  
nor can it be but displeased  
at the Vicious. Displeased,  
not at the Party, but by  
Vice : Displeased at the  
Euill he bath done; not so  
much because bee bath  
now so done; but rather  
that bee may doe so no  
more. I now can be an-  
gry ; yet so, as my Anger  
be not a worse Fault,  
than the Fault I am an-  
gry at. I can be thus an-  
gry ; to resist, to checke,  
to punish : yet not be-  
cause

cause I am now prouoked, but because I now ought so to be. If (while I dispute against Anger) a saucy Fellow should spit in my Face, purposely to prouoke mee: I would not now doubt (with *Diogenes*) whether I ought so to be? but let him truly and iustly know, and feele, I am angry; for so I ought.

But if this Passion (as it is wont in most) proue exorbitant, and fall to range (yea and rage) beyond her Pale; pro-

prouoking mee still to  
hurt the other, and vex  
my selfe : What remedy  
now but Patience ? I  
turne mee aside ( with  
*Plato*) and now forget  
him whom I was angry  
at ; and minder rather to  
reuenge mee vpon my  
angry selfe : I now draw  
mee apart , take some  
time to bethinke mee in,  
let Reason breathe a-  
while ; and the Fitt is  
past . Pause then an  
houre, disturbance not thy  
stomacke ; and the  
Hard-meats are dige-  
sted. *This Disease of An-*  
*ger*

ger (contrary to many) is soonest helpt by Delayes. I take the counsell of Athenodorus to Augustus ; count my Letters : or rather that of S. Ambrose to Theodosius ; say my Prayers. And while my Deuotion warmes, my Passion cooles. Thus is it awhile delayed, thus allayed at the last. Withdraw but the Fewell of Rashnesse from this Passion, and the Fire is abated : Let but the Sun of Reason shine vpon it, and the Mist is vanished. *Ah the*

*Fro-*

Frowardnesse of a Man  
that his Ire can glow and  
burne, a Moneth, a Yeare,  
a Life throughout: which  
a Weeke, a Day, an Houre,  
micht (if not extinguish)  
otherwise asswage. It is  
strange to thinke, how  
Anger one way deferred,  
languishes: althoug<sup>b</sup>ano-  
ther way prolonged, it is  
the rather enraged. Ar-  
chitas, Socrates, Plato;  
these were but Hea-  
thens, yet would not  
so much as beat their  
Seruants in their Anger:  
Shall I that am a Chri-  
stian, rise now against  
my

my Brother ? Shall my  
Stomacke serue others  
one way, as I (another  
way) would serue my  
Stomacke : onely eat  
when I am hungry; only  
beat when I am angry ?

By no meanes. I am  
wiser, than to launch  
forth in a storme: If he  
haue offended mee, if  
prouoked mee; the of-  
fence will notwithstanding  
remaine, when the  
Prouocation shall bee  
past. Theres no hurt  
to take another, and  
better time, to punish,  
or admonish: I shall so  
shew

Show me the Wiser ; and  
( perhaps ) make him  
the Better. Oh doe no.  
thing in your Anger ! for  
then you will doe any  
thing. What profit haue  
you ? What credit ? to  
commit that suddenly,  
which you may repent at  
leisure. Many a Man be-  
cause hee hath beene so  
causelessly angry at Ano-  
ther ; hath had cause  
enough ( after ) to be an-  
gry at Himselfe. The End  
of sudden Anger, was al-  
wayes the Beginning of  
late Repentance.

Another hath done  
mcc

mee wrong ; I might haue done no lesse to him : His might likewise haue been the Sorrow, & the Euill mine. Wee are all offensiuē each to other ; and may need each others Pardon. Hee is liuelesse ( they say ) that is faultlesse : And whose turne ( can you tell ) shall it next be, to craue mercy for his Fault ? Should wee not winke at our muuall Ofences ; there would be no end of Strifes, & Plagues, betwixt Man and Man, yea betwixt God and them both.

both. Doe wee looke to  
finde others inexorable,  
sith our selues are so im-  
placable ? Full oft hath  
a Man beene driuen to  
begge Forgiuenesse of him,  
to whom he denied it: and  
now to kneele to him for  
Grace, whom bee some-  
times spurned in disdaine.  
I will deale with mine  
Aduersary, as to tell him  
how I am dealt with-  
all: so to teach him how  
hee should deale with  
mee.

My Brother hath of-  
fended mee : Alas ! and  
I my God. My Brother

mee

me once, and in one thing :  
I my God always, and in  
all. If Jupiter (said He)  
should thunder downe  
his Darts, so oft as Men  
prouoke him; he should  
soone leaue himselfe  
Weaponlesse, and Men  
Liuellesse : If my God  
(thinke I) should haue  
beene angry with mee, so  
oft as I haue offended  
him ; I should not haue  
yet beene, whom my Bro-  
ther might now offend.  
Hee is one, and the same  
Clay with mee ; that  
now liftest vp the hand  
against mee : I that am

a vīle Worme, haue ki-  
ked the heele against the  
God of Maiestie. With  
what face, can I begge  
pardon of my Lord, and  
Master ; wben I haue de-  
nied it to my Fellow-Ser-  
uant ? One Man  
(saith a WISE MAN)  
beareth Hatred a-  
gainst another ; and  
dotb he seeke pardon  
from the Lord ? He  
sheweth no mercy to a  
Man, which is like  
himselfe : and dotb  
be aske forgiuenesse

of his owne Sinnes ?  
How doth the mercifull  
Lord checke the merci-  
leſſe Seruant? Shouldest  
not thou alſo haue  
had compassion on  
thy Fellow Seruant,  
euen as I haſt pitty  
on thee ? Oh that Men  
would therefore Doe, as  
they Pray ! Forgiue vs  
our Trefpaffes ; as  
we forgiue them that  
trefpaffe againſt vs.  
I will doe to another, as  
I would another, yea

P as

as I woulde my God  
should doe to mee :  
**Ouercome euill with  
Good.** My Sauiour stood  
as a Sheepe before the  
Shearers ; they smote  
him on the one checke,  
and hee gaue the other :  
they reviled him, and in  
his mouth were no re-  
proofes. And is the Ser-  
vant aboue his Lord ?  
What Losse, or Shame is  
it for mee to suffer, as  
**CHRIST suffered?** What  
Profit, or Credit will it be  
for mine Enemy, to doe  
as **I V D A S did?** Oh call

but

but thy Sauours Suff-  
erings to mind (the Wrong,  
and Scorne he tooke) and  
what can be too hard for  
thee to beare?

And I, and mine E-  
nemy; Who are we,  
and what? Men both,  
and Mortall: Men mor-  
tall in our Nature, im-  
mortall only in our An-  
ger. Al ihat we would  
be each against other  
everlastingly; that are  
for our selues but a  
while. Nothing will more  
work vpon this our fierce  
Affection; than to think  
upon this our fraile Con-

dition. The Man is mortal, as bee ought ; why should his Anger ( as it ought not ) be immortal ? This is also a great Euill vnder the Sunne,  
**Vexation of Spirit :**  
That a Man will adde Vnquietnesse to the Shortnesse of his Dayes ; and so make them still not onely Few, but Euill.

But Thou strengihest thee in this inhumane Fiercenesse ; unmindfull altogether of thy humane Weaknesse. Thou now thinkest to acquit

acquit thee, ere such a  
time : Alas ! that thou  
thinkst not, that Time  
(perhaps) may be beyond  
thine owne. Thou woul-  
dest the Death of thine  
Enemy : Oh wish it not,  
attempt it not: Yet a little  
while, and Death her  
selfe will doe it ; without  
thy Trouble, and Sinne.  
The Mouse and the  
Frogge fought so long,  
till the Kite came and  
tare them both to pec-  
ces. Oh striue not so  
long, till Death come and  
part the Fray ; and so  
take you both away, bim

P 3 Woun-

Wounded, and thee Ble-  
mished. When thou art  
now gone with, or after  
him: thy Name shall yet  
suruiue a while, as od-  
ious as thy Life. When  
Death shall haue cooled  
thy courage, weakened  
thy hands, stopt thy  
mouth; Men shall thus  
write vpon thy Graue:

*Here*

H Ere lies a Fury,  
    bight Sir Ite;  
That bred, and earn'd  
    immortall Fire.  
He gan to wrangle  
    from the womb,  
And was a Wrangler  
    to his Tombe.  
A Peccish, and  
    a Foolish Else:  
Foe to his God,  
    his Saints, his Selfe.  
He hated Men;  
    Men did not lome him:  
No Enimy, but  
    his owne, might mone him.  
He Was; and was  
    Earths Load, and Care:  
He Is; and is  
    Hels Brand, and Share.



*The Couetous.*

**K**Sit you (&  
be naught)  
old Pouch-  
penny? Me  
thought,  
twas some such Scrape-  
ling ; he came so snea-  
king on. It is many an  
honest Mans lucke  
(more than mine) to  
stumble vpon such  
Blocks in cuery street.  
I would none beside  
mee, had more need, or  
use of such ; saue onely

P 5 . to

to know them with me:  
They should not seek  
him long; I soone could  
spie him out. *A Couetous  
Man is easily inquired,  
and determined, by him  
that is not so: But he that  
sees him, and is like him;  
can no more discouer the  
other, than expresse him-  
selfe.* Pouch-penny did I  
call him? But hee's not  
so known to euery one.  
Hee hath more Names,  
than euer he was Christ-  
ned with. The Best call  
him no better, than you  
would call a Wretch;  
Silly, Needy, Caik, Snig,  
Gripe,

Gripe, Sharke, Droyle,  
and Plod : And for the  
Most, they call him no  
more, than you would  
call a Dogge ; Snap,  
Catch, Pinch, Holdfast,  
and the like. Wee may  
justly, and modestly ( and  
then iustly, when modest-  
ly) call the Naughty, no  
better than they are. Call  
mee a Spade, a Spade ;  
a Wretch, a Wretch ; a  
Knaue, a Knaue : Neuer  
goe behinde his backe,  
and so beslander him  
with the Truth. Tell a  
Man this Euill to his  
teeth : yet so, as not to  
reuiile

reuile him ; but reprehend him rather.

Wearish Wretch ; so like a Flea-biter hee lookest. Say as you see; is he not mostly Wry-Neckt, crompe-shouldred, pale-fac't, Thin-cheekt, Hollow-eyed, Hooke-nos'd, Beele-brow'd, Purse-lipt, Gaunt-beily'd, Rake-backt, Buckle-hamm'd, Stump-legg'd, Splay-footed, Dry-fisted, and Crooke-fingered : with a learing Looke, slow Breath, stealing Pace, squcaking Voice : His

tall

tall Hat, and tatterd Cloake, Threed-barre Buskins, and cobbled Shooes ; a swagging Pouch, and a Spadle-staffe : And if you reckon him onely by his Coat, and Carcasse ; one would scarce bestow the hanging of him, to haue them both. They say commonly, *ill Humours, ill Manners* : but here certainly *ill Manners, ill Members*. For ( could you see into him ) he is not more ill-fauoured, than ill-conditioned : Theres certainly

tainly more vglinesse in him, than appeares by him : A mind more mishapen, than can be figured in a Carcass neuer so disfigured. How monstrous a Vice is Aurice, and odious? It distorts the Body, and distractes the Soule : Is Natures very Enormity, and an utter Anomie to Grace ; here quite sweruing, there farre out of frame. It makes a Man looke ugly, and to be loathed ; but odious inwardly, and to be abhorred : makes him seeme a Monster on the

out-

outside ; but makes him a  
very Devil within.

Flocke here my pretty Birds ; heres an ill  
fac't Owle, will finde  
you all worke to won-  
der at. See how strid-  
ling hee stands ; hee  
couches and crouches  
vpon his Staffe ; nor  
lookes he at you, but  
vnder his elbow : and  
say what you will ; he  
neuer speakes but when  
his mouth is open.  
Come on then, looke  
and laugh, and hollow,  
and whoot, and whistle,  
and hisse ; gibc and  
jest,

jest, frumpe and flout,  
point and play : heres a  
broad Butt to hit, and an  
Asses backe to beare all.  
It were good sport, to  
laugh and scorne him  
out of his skinne, for  
hi, Coyne. Loethe Co-  
uetous Carle ! what a  
needy Niggard it is ?  
Oh tis a scraping  
Churle ! Out on him  
greedy Gripe ! A very  
Gut-head, he hath Asses  
Eares direct ; a Fore-  
head & it were to set his  
Leekes on; He sees well,  
and his Eyes were vn-  
cast ; I wonder he is

not ring'd for rooting ;  
you may see your face  
in his so transparant  
Cheeke's ; a Head he  
hath like a Moule, and  
his nailes were growne ;  
and a Foot to shouell  
the Street before him.

*Hatefull Miscreant ! how  
bath he worne and wre-  
sted himselfe from Gods  
good Making ? His stee-  
ple Hat hath harboured  
many a Thousand ; and  
his woollen Cap serues  
to keepe warme his  
Wits. His weather-bea-  
ten Cloake he had by  
Inheritance ; and hec  
meanes*

meanes to make it in his Will. He hath forgot the Making of his Doublet ; but it putteth him (ever and anon) in minde of repairing. His Breeches are in the Fashion, not so much for pride, as to haue Cloth. But how bare soeuer be his Backe, and belly thinne ; his Bagge is well lin'd, and he keeps it warme. Theres not a hole in his Hose, and yet not a place where there hath not beeene a hole. His shooes haue cost him more the main-

maintaining, than would prouide him Shoers. He keepeſ a free house; you may as ſoone breake your Necke, as your Fast: and a cleane withall; you may as readily wet your Shoers, as your Lips. The Man is oft-times ſo melancholy at Horne, that he is glad when he may cheare vp himſelfe at his Neighbours Boord: And (vpon many occaſions) growes ſo deſperate, that hee cares not what becomes of him; only he is loth to be

be at the charges of making himselfe away. What chattering about a Night-Bird? and who can keepe Countenance at so absurd an Object? Couetousnesse is as well worthy Scorne, as Hatred: and the Folly thereof as much to be laugbed at, as the Iniquity to be abhorred. God, and Men, haue thought Vice not odious only ; but ridiculous. Whom God hath abhorred, them also hath he laughed to scorne. The Couetous especially, haue beeene oftner counted, and called

called Fooles, than Fiends. Ironies are an approued Rhetorickē, and an earnest Argument against Impieties. And some Euils are more profitably derided, than reprehended.

In good sooth ( for all this ) he lookes but sparing on't. Whatsoeuer he lacks of the Spirit ; You would iudge him a mortified Man according to the Flesh. He forbeares oft-times to feed so full as Nature requires; Though Grace was neuer in his mouth

or minde, either before meat, or after. Hee sel dom eat s but sparingly ; though temperately never. The reason of all is, because he so eat s, not to subdue his Bodie ; but to have his Meat. Like Tantalus, he stands vp in Water to the chinne, and Apples hang by cluste rs hand at his Lips ; and yet hee pinches and pines in the midst of meat and drinke. An artificiall Chymicke; he hath true Mydasses Touches in all that he shalld eat and drinke,

drinke, he turnes into Gold: I would bee had Mydasses Eares withall, it would make him more knowne, and laughed at. Like one that sold a Ratt for two hundred Pence, and dyed of Hunger himselfe : so will he oft times starue his carcasse, to crambe his Pouch. *A Couetous Mans Mind is a slau to his Mony; and his Body a slau to his Mind:* He will not satisfie the Appetite of the one; because the other hath an Appetite wil not be satisfied. Oh basenesse of

Men!

Men to vnder-value their Affections to base Drosse; and their Liues to base Affections. Ab their Folly and Wretchednes! to haue the Creatures of God, and vsse them not; which they therefore haue, to vsse: to preferre their Wealth to their Health, their Gettings to their Beings, their Money to their Body; their Gold to their God, their Siluer to their Soule; and rather possesse it, than enjoy themselves.

Suppose him now set at anothers Table : His  
Knife

Knife ( answerable to his Stomacke ) is the first drawne, and not the last in the Dish. Now not a word with him : Aske him any thing ; and he answers all with Yea, and No ; not aboue a monosyllable at the most. Looke how hee loads a Borrowed Trencher ? His Cheekes strut, Teeth walke, and Chaps plic apace : And lest you might hap to cut him, not where he likes not, but not enough ; hee saues you the labour of

a Carter. He now feeds  
full vpōn Free-Cost :  
and fayes with Diogenes,  
That Wine is best, and  
most pleasant to him,  
which he payes not for.  
Now makes hee a full  
amends to his whining  
Stomacke, and his Guts  
leauē grumbling : But  
as the Wolfe eats one  
good Meale for threē  
Dayes : so though hee  
feast his Body now a-  
broad ; hee will make  
the poore Carcasse pay  
triple for it at Home.  
Yea and (all this while)  
if his Host be beholden

to

to him for more than his Company ; he eats double : out eats him, and eats him out. *The Courteous* is one of a rauenos Generation : A very Harpy, Tigre, Wolfe, Beare, Dogge, Deuill, Pit, Gulfe, and Hell. *A Cormorant* begat him ; *The Daughter of the Horsleach* bare him : and he like a cursed Caterpillar, is continually gnawing : Devouring Widowes houses, and sucking the very Bloud from the heirts of the Fatherlesse.

Ob all ye damned Devou-  
ters ! that eat vp Gods  
people, as if it were Bread;  
Blond-suckers of B E L I-  
A L ! Surfeit yet a while  
in your hellish Infaciacie :  
Ye shall once spue out  
your Bowels ; and empty  
your selues into a Pit as  
bottomlesse, as euer were  
your desires.

But I will home with  
him, and see what an  
House he keepes. Let me  
tell you , he keepes an  
open House : but you  
may vnderstand, it is the  
Roofe vnthatcht , or  
Windowes vntrellesseed;  
for

for the Doore is neuer  
vnbolted. The Grasse  
growes greene vpon his  
Threshold ; and his  
Dog is as good as a Por-  
ter, to keepe Beggars  
from his Doore. His  
Chimney smokes but  
seldome, and Dawes  
make nests in euery  
corner. You cannot  
come to visit his Beere,  
but you shall finde it at  
a very low rate, low  
estate, if not dead out-  
right : And for his  
Bread, Age and Experi-  
ence haue brought it to  
an hoary head. He is

Q; now

now at his owne Find-  
ding, and marke how  
his Boord is furnished :  
His stall and Garuo:  
furnisht the Market, and  
that his Coffers : his  
Garden-plot only fills  
his Table, & that fils his  
Belly. Roots and Herbs  
he cals his First, and Se-  
cond Course : and three  
hungry Sallets supply  
the places of so many  
hearty Seruices. He cuts  
vp a Carrot, and pickes  
out a dainty bit in a  
Turnep : Beets are his  
best Fare ; and he thinks  
how he riotts amongst  
his

his Lekkes and Lettice ?  
He shiuces out his Bread  
by weight or measure ;  
an Ounce, or an Inch ;  
and at euery Cutting  
obserues the Loaf. You  
would thinke he num-  
bered his Morsels : Hee  
goes so farre, and no  
further ; not because  
he would eat no more,  
but would no more  
should be eaten. He  
eats the more Pottage  
on purpose, to spare  
the Flesh. He seldom  
eats like an Epicure, to  
please his Palate ; neuer  
like a Man, to nourish

Q 4      his

his Body ; but commonly like a Hogge, to fill his Belly. A belly full is a belly full, and it be of Buttermilke. He may eat Gold ; and yet hee feeds but grossly. Like a Tradesman, that sells off his best wares at a good rate; and keepes the worst for his owne vse : Or like him , that sells out the good Liquour ; and reserues the Dregges for his owne drinking : Like an Idiot, he hath the best to chuse on, and makes choiceonly of theworst;

Leaues

Leaues the good for o-  
thers, and takes the bad  
vnto himselfe : Or like  
That Asse, that carried  
dainty Gates vpon his  
backe ; and notwithstanding  
fill'd his belly  
with Hay, and Straw.  
But if he be a Worship-  
full Miler, and of an-  
cient standing ; Not the  
Cognisance only, but  
the Coat alio is the  
selfe same, his Great  
Grand-fire gaue before  
him. He must doe, as  
his Father before him ;  
or else how shold he  
uphold the House ?

Q. 5 Now

Now hath he more  
Dogges, than Men to  
wait vpon him : and  
his Table fills more  
Eares, than Bellies ; and  
more fils Eares, than  
Bellies. He now quar-  
ters a Capon, and roasts  
halfe a Rabbet : and  
tels you an old Tale of  
an Hare, and another of  
a Pigge, that was pro-  
portion'd to three seue-  
rall Spits, Fires, Dayes,  
Dishes, Meales : But an  
approued Story, how  
that the Loyne of a  
Cocke was once a Ser-  
uice for a King. His  
Taylour

Taylour hath not halfe  
so many wayes to  
turne his Breeches, as  
his Cooke to dresse his  
Dishes ; he sends vp the  
faine Dish seuen dayes  
together , disguised  
only in seuen severall  
Sauces. And for the cold  
Pie, it is so long since  
it came hot out of the  
Ouen ; that it hath got  
on a Fricize coat to keep  
it warme : and at last  
is faine to flit from his  
Table, to his Trough.  
He grudges to bestow  
any thing vpon him-  
selfe ; and brawles with  
Wife

Wife and Children, as  
the daily meanes of his  
vndoing: And when  
he must needs dispend,  
he shrugges it out, and  
kisses euery Peece he  
parts from. How should  
a Couetous Man be good  
to any ? since he is not so  
to himselfe. Will he feed the  
bungry ; whose owne Sto-  
macke still complaines ?  
Will he cloath the naked ;  
that only shrouds him-  
selfe in shreds ? Will hee  
giue to the Poore ; that  
cannot be perswaded him-  
selfe is rich ? Well he re-  
leeue others Necessities ;  
that

that thinks there is nothing beside him, which he wants not himself? Unprofitable Earth-load is he; borne to doe good to none, no not himself. Neither are Wife, Children, Friends, Neighbours the better for him: And for himself; he is, but liues not; because he is to no purpose: he hath, but inioyes not; because he vses not what he hath.

Tis bed time by this; and (not once minding, or mentioning his God) hee commends himselfe to the keeping of

of his Bolts and Barres. Wife, Children, Friends, Seruants, he askes them all once, and againe, if they haue made all sure ? and being accordingly answered, he yet riles at last to resolute himselfe. Than the Couteous Man; none more distrustfull. His Wife bee thinkes is false vnto him ; and his Children chosen him : His Seruants he accounts no better than Theeues. If they be his Friends, they come to sharke vpon him ; if Strangers, to steale from him :

Hū

His Superiour besuspects  
of extorting, his Equall of  
defrauding, and his Inferior  
of purloyning :  
Yea, he is oft-times anxious  
of himselfe ; nay, and  
will trust his God no fur-  
ther than he sees him.

Now is the Gate shut,  
Bridge drawne, Doore  
barr'd, and Trunke  
lockt ; and now he lyes  
him downe to wake ; for  
why, he cannot, or else  
he dares not sleepe. The  
Wise Man knew his dis-  
ease, and tells the Cause :  
*The Abundance of  
the*

*the Rich will not suffer him to sleepe.*

Thoughts are centred into his head, and Sleep is departed from his eyes. It is his Care to get more, will not let him rest with what he hath. He now lyes imagining mischiefe on his Bed; and takes counsell of his Pillow how to deceiue, and wrong. How to adde his neighbours House, and Field vnto his owne? How to double his Talcix by the safest meanes, and in the shortest

shortest time ? How to take vp, and put off at the best hand ? How to let out Money with good Security, and for the most Aduantage? How to bring about such a Bargaine? How to fore-stall such a Market ? How to ingrossse, how to enhance such a Com-moditie ? How to pur-chase such a Liuing ? How to inueigle such an Estate : No euill can be thought, which Cauen-tousnesse doth not both thinke and plot. It cares not to deceipte the simple ; nor

nor makes a Conscience  
to oppresse the poore:  
Neither regards it the  
Widowes Teares; the  
Bloud of the Fatherlesse,  
nor the Labourers Sweat.  
It takes no notice of Fa-  
ther or Mother, spares  
not his owne Brother, and  
affords not the least Fa-  
vour to his best Friend. It  
measures Honesty by  
Profit; and thinks no-  
thing not lawfull to it  
selfe, which may make  
for its owne aduantage:  
and so it goe away with  
the Gaine; it cares not  
who liues by the losse. Ob-  
cursed

cursed Auarice ! the Metropolis of all Euils, and Charibdis of Iniquity : Through its euill instigation ; did E V E take, and taste the forbidden Fruit ; LABAN grudged the goods of IACOB ; His Brethren sold I OSEPH to the ISMAELITES ; BALAA M by tooke paines to curse I SRAEL ; ACHAN weighed the execrable Wedge ; DALILAH deliuered her Husband into the hands of his Enemies ; AHAB massacred NABOTH ; GEHAZI belyed

belyed his Master ; and  
IVDAS betrayed CHRIST.  
Heer rightly said ; Covetousnesse is the root of  
all euill : that fully con-  
sidered, what Euills come  
by Covetousnesse. It nei-  
ther feares God, nor re-  
uerences Man : Profanes  
the Temple, forestalls  
the Market, corrupts the  
Court ; swayes Authoritie,  
impugnes Iustice, vio-  
lates Lawes ; Defraudes  
the Innocent, oppresses  
the Poore ; blindes the  
Eyes from beholding E-  
quity, stops the Eares  
from

and from bearing the Truth,  
bires the Tongue to rati-  
onate Falshood with an Oath,  
sets the Hands to worke  
wickednesse, and makes  
the Fect runne to shed  
Bloud. What Euill bath  
Hell inuented, hath the  
Deuill suggested : which  
souetousnesse hath not en-  
tertained, not put in exec-  
ution?

Yet tumbling and  
fossing ; but as yet no  
holding of the hands to  
cepe. No, no, alas ; his  
raines are too busied,  
to be settled on a sud-  
den. He hath 'a World  
in

in his Head, and it makes him study how to get a Country into his Hands. Such a Field ( he thinkes ) lies commodiously for him such an House is pleasantly seated; is of a safe and free Tenure, and may be had at a reasonable rate: Such a Commodity is both rare, and saleable ; thus and thus may he ingrosse a good parcell of it ; thus and thus inhaunce the price. These and the sealed Bagges are in such a Chest ; and the

and these Bonds and Bills in such another. And thus lyes he counting all the night long. And if you were brought into his Bed-Chamber at midnight ; (as was *Mycillus* the Cobler, into *Grypheus* the vsurers) you should euen then finde him waking : Nay, if the Deuill should come about that time to fetch him ; he should hardly take him napping. *The Riches of the Couetous trouble and torment him on euery part ; whether of Body,*

Body, or Minde : His Conscience hath no peace, his Knowledge finds no truth, his Desire gets no appeasement ; His Belly wants food, his backerayment, his Heart wants ease, his Eyes sleepe, and his Bones want rest. Sigismundus the Emperour, when he could not sleepe the night throughout, for taking thought, what hee should doe with all his Gold, was newly sent him : the next day hee dealt it amongst his Captaines and Connslours;

hours ; and could lay afterwards, Now I am rid of a Tormentour ; I shall now sleepe in quiet. I would a Man shold not so sleepe, till they had done likewise. Gape, and yawne, and turne, and tosse, and muse, and moane, and sigh, and quake yee restlesse Wretches ! I will not party youd ; since you maye easie lay your selues, if you will.

But if (anthonie tired with Thoughts) he fall at last into some faint Slumber ; Oh how

R short

short it is? how vnquiet  
Hee dreames all the  
while he is posting to a  
Faire, crowded in a Mar-  
ket; either Buying, Sel-  
ling, Chopping, Chan-  
ging, Hiring, Letting,  
Writing, Sealing, Coun-  
ting: His Mind still runs  
vpon Mony, Wares,  
Chapmen, Cheatours,  
Theeues, or Deuills.  
Harke, harke; his Dog  
barks at Moon-shine; &  
he now wakes & starts  
at the apprehension of  
Theeues and Robbers:  
It is the Winde whiskes  
by his Window; and  
he

he imagines he heares  
them whisper : He hears  
but the Doore creake ;  
and he thinks they now  
are breaking in . Up  
he gets , and loudly calls  
vpon lusty Dicke , and  
Robbin , and Ralfe ;  
when there is no more  
but little lacke to heare  
him : Bids bring the  
Pistoll , Musket , Sword ,  
and Speare ; when his  
whole munition is a  
Spit , or a Pitchforke .  
His Colour changes ,  
Haire stands vpright ,  
Heart pants , Breast  
throbs , Ioynts quake ;

R 2 and

and all this while hee  
suffers so much through  
his Feare, as he feares to  
suffer. Who would trou-  
ble themselves to get Ri-  
ches ; that thru trouble  
them that haue them ?  
Trouble to get them, trou-  
ble to keep them, and iron-  
ble to leave or lose them.  
Here plodding and tog-  
ling ; there. Watching  
and caring ; and fighting  
and groaning there : Ma-  
king a Man here solici-  
tous, anxious there, and  
there againe forlorne.  
Molesting the Man, that  
his Goods are not increa-  
sed ;

sed ; and againe mole-  
sting, lest his Goods shoulde  
be diminished : It both  
vexes him, that he hath  
no more ; and vexes him,  
that he may haue lesse. It  
troubled A H A B, to adde  
N A B O T H S Vineyard  
vnto his owne : It trou-  
bled the R I C H - M A N,  
to conserue, & enlarge his  
Possessions : It troubled  
the Y O V N G - M A N, to  
part with his Goods vn-  
to the Poore. H E knew  
well how restlesse a thing  
was Riches, who likened  
them to T H O R N E S :  
Like Thornes in the fides,

R 3 they

they suffer not a Man to sit still : Like Thornes in the Fingers, they binder a Man from labou-ring with his bands : Like Thornes in the Eyes, they blinde a Man from beholding the Truth : Like Thornes in the Heart, they barre a Man from embrac-ing the Right : Like Thornes in the Feet, they let a Man far going about any thing that is Good. To what shall I now liken the Riches of the World ; but to all the infesting plagues of ÆGYPT ? Their Rivers were tur-

ned

ned into Bloud; and these  
haue made euен Rivers of  
Bloud: Frogs came into  
mens Bed-chambers; and  
these creepe into mens Bo-  
somes: The Dust of the  
Land became Lice; and  
this Dust of the Earth is  
turned to such like Tor-  
mentours: Swarmes of  
Flies infested Ægypt; and  
these corrupt the  
Land: The Murraine  
sue the Beasts of the  
Land; This (wher with  
toyling, ryoting, spoyleing)  
bathe flaine thens the  
whole Earth thorowout:  
The Men could not stand

at ease, by reason of Boyles  
and Botches ; nor doe  
these suffer men to sit at  
rest : The Haile destroy-  
ed the Beasts and Trees;  
and these haue done the  
like destructions: Locusts  
were brought into the  
Land ; and these cause  
many a Caterpiller: Dark-  
nesse was ouer Ægypt  
so thicke that it might be  
felt; and these while they  
are grop't and felt with  
the hand, they blind the  
eyes : All the first borne  
were slaine at Mid-night;  
and these haue torne the  
prime Youngling from  
the

the Mothers Belly, Breast,  
and Bed. Who is now  
the Rich man of the  
World, that is not richer  
in Plagues, than he is in  
Possessions : That a-  
bounds not in Restles-  
nesse, more than in Reue-  
nues. It was a Wise re-  
uenge of One, always to  
inrich his Enemies, and  
Offenders : affirming, it  
was punishment enough  
to make them rich : mean-  
ing, Wealth can want no  
Woe ; and he that hath  
great Riches, hath little  
Rest withall. But (say the  
Couetous Carles of our  
R, s dayes)

dayes.) punish them so,  
and hurt them sore. Silly  
Asses ! they are burdened  
most, and yet they think  
they are most rewarded:  
They take it for a Bles-  
sing, not knowing that it  
proves a Snare. In the  
Worlds eye, he is the Happy  
Man that hath House  
by House, Field by Field,  
Flocke by Flocke, Bagge  
by Bagge, and Chest by  
Chest. He goes cloathed  
in purple and fine Linnen,  
and fares deliciously euery  
day : Fine fed, and gay  
clad ; His Cates and Rai-  
ments both farre fetcht,

and

and deare boughs; and  
the Substance and Mat-  
ter of neither are thought  
good enough for him; but  
both are made better, if  
Cost and Art can make  
them so. One Backe and  
Belly of him, how many  
dotb it exerceise and em-  
ploy, thus to clad, and  
feed? Besides, all men  
secke to him; serue, ho-  
nour, and applaud him.  
O happy be! He bath an  
Heauen upon Earth;  
that thus bath the World  
at will. Fooles! that con-  
ceit those happy, whose  
Miseries they conceiue  
not.

not. They view the Painting, but not the Rotteness : See the best by them, but know not the worst is within them. You behold laughter in the Face ; but you now consider not the Heart is heavy : You reckon what Pleasures, Profits, Honours ; but thinke not what Feares, Care, Discontents. An honest poore Man would not haue the rich Gluttons Estate, to haue his Mind. The one hath little, and wants little ; the other wants as much as he hath : The one

one could eat, and he had  
it ; the other bath it, and  
cannot eat : Theres health  
and hunger ; heres plenty  
and paine : This is alway  
timorous, that other still  
secure : This is Free, the  
other Bond : This sleepes,  
while the other wakes.  
Many a poore Man hath  
made merry with a belly  
full of Bread and Water ;  
and after slept soundly  
vpon an hard Crack :  
while many a Rich man  
sighed bitterly at a  
Banquet of Wine ; and  
waked carefully vpon a  
Bed of Downe.

Alas

Alas poore man, and perplexed ! his last Nights ill rest hath made him an early riser : He is soone vp, and full sore at his Deuotion. A man indeed is he of a daily deuotion; but of no Religion : for he scarce comes to Church aboue once a Quarter. What need he trauell to sacrifice ; or come a broad to worship ? he hath a Chappell in his Chest, and a God of his owne, his MAMMON. Each Part of his Body, and Power of his Soule; hath

hath he commanded, (as  
did that King his Sub-  
iects) that they forth-  
with fall downe, and  
worship the GOLDEN-  
IMAGE. Hee scornes  
and contemnes blinde,  
and stuggish BAAL;  
Asse-headed ANASME-  
LECH; DAGON the  
deceitfull; and the vn-  
mercifull MOLECH:  
calls BAAL-ZEBVB  
but a Flie-catcher; and  
thinks BELL and DRA-  
GON but Gluttons  
both. Hee calls none  
Good, but God: and of  
Gods, none more than  
MAM-

MAMMON, the God  
of Goods. Other Gods  
are either chargeable, or  
not beneficiall ; but as  
for him ( to make good  
the Deuills words ) hee  
serues not his God for  
nought: Only he is oft  
times perplexed ; lest  
( with LABAN ) he  
might at any time losse  
his God: His God ( he  
knowes ) is Currant ;  
and therefore it is his  
greatest care to keepe it.  
Yea and his Gods are so  
many of the same Mat-  
ter and Mould ; that all  
his Seruice is to num-  
ber

ber them. He makes much of his Mony, for the Figures sake, more than for the Use : and thinks he hath it to ingrossse, rather than to employ. Every New Peece is a new Picture of his Worship : which at first he examines by the Balance of his best Belief ; and after admits it as an Image of his Adoration. He well saw his Superstition, who called the Couetous Man an IDOLATOR. Why did God oppose himself to MAMMON ? but for

for that they who serue  
MAMMON, oppose them-  
selues to God : He there-  
fore told them truly ;  
**Ye cannot serue God,**  
and **Mammon.**  
Of all others then, none  
sothwartly idolatrous, as  
the Couetous. Others have  
worshipped the Creatures  
of Gods making ; but  
these the Works of their  
owne hands : Now by how  
much the Workes of God  
are more worthy, than the  
bandy Workes of Men ;  
by so much is this kinde of  
Idolatry more euill and  
odious,

odious, than the other. Nor  
is the Couetous Man more  
spiritually Idolatrous ;  
than ciuilly Slave. The  
Drosse is but base ; but  
the Couetous Mans Af-  
fections are baser than the  
Drosse : Else, how could  
he vnder-value himselfe  
to it ? unless he saw some-  
what in it, more worthy  
than himselfe. They call  
him the Mony-Master ;  
but you may call it the  
Master-Money : For  
which he toyles Night  
and Day ; bides Heat and  
Cold ; runnes through  
Fire and Water ; hazards

Body

Body and Soule. Silly  
Slave ! thus to become a  
Drudge to his Seruant:  
As not possessing, but pos-  
sessed rather; not using  
it, but employed himself:  
not daring to dispend it,  
as a Master over it ; but  
faine to guard it, as a  
Seruant to it : whereof he  
hath the trouble only of  
the Custody ; but no pro-  
fit of the Inioyment.

All the day long; and  
yet neither idle, nor  
well employed. Yet  
makes he Time very  
precious to him : For he  
( together with his  
Coyne )

Coyne) lets time also  
out to Interest. His Mo-  
ny flies out ( like Stales,  
or Quoyes ) to fetch in  
more : And ( cleane  
contrary to Natures rule,  
or practice ) hee makes  
even senslesse things  
to generate their like.  
What a Monster now is  
a Mong-breeder, that  
brings forth thus against  
Nature ? The Greekes  
not unaptly call Vsurp  
by the name of a Birth: be-  
cause there a Penny be-  
gets a Penny, and a  
Pound brings forth a  
Pound. Now what need  
Gods

Gods Creatures increase  
and multiply for the use  
of Man : since Man can  
make these Creatures of  
his owne, increase thus  
beside God, to enrich him-  
selfe ? An Vsurer thus ac-  
cuses both God and Na-  
ture, of ignorance and  
imprudence ; in that he  
hath found out more waies  
of aduantage, than euer  
they ordained. Of tame  
Beasts, take heed of an  
Vsurer ; he is an old Ape,  
a subtle Fox, and rauens  
more than a Tigre, Li-  
on, Wolfe or Beare.  
Marke what hurt hee  
does

does you, when you  
are the most beholden  
to him. What an Usu-  
rer lets out, he parts  
with but for a time ;  
but the other must  
quite part with, what  
comes in againe. Do  
you not know, you  
may haue another  
mans Money so long in  
your hands ; till you  
come to haue none of  
your owne ? You so  
may soon convert your  
whole Estate into Debt.  
It is a Rule more experi-  
enced, than obserued ;  
*All that an Usurer hath,*  
is

is in other Mens bands:  
till all that other Men  
haue, be in his. Take an  
Usurers Mony into your  
bands; and you take a  
Serpent into your bosome:  
It stings like an Aspe,  
makes you sleepe insensi-  
bly, and you neuer after  
awake your owne Man:  
It eats like a Canker, eue-  
ry sound Part: and burns  
like a Fire, while any  
Fewell lasts. But notwithstanding, howthat a  
sort of Idiots daily  
lecke, and sue to him,  
to vndeoe themselves?  
Nay they thinke, pro-  
mise,

milc, witnesse them-  
selues behoden to  
him, for their owne vn-  
doing. The plaine  
Country Fellow comes  
in with a couple of Ca-  
pons ; the Gentle Man  
with a goodly Gelding;  
the Grazier with a fat  
Oxe ; and the Great  
Man with a brace of  
Bucks. And hee takes  
theſe now, with Con-  
dition of what he must  
haue hereafter. They  
must first freely take his  
Seruant by the hand ;  
after, as kindly salute  
his Wife ; and ſo they

S make

make way to whisper himselfe in the care. He now takes them apart ; pleases them with the Preffe-mony of en-gagement and thral-dome to a Churle ; charmes them with a Number, and set Forme of words ; binds them with their owne Hands ; and ( perhaps ) at last hires others hands to lay hold vpon them. Oh damned Vsury, and detested ! Whether Vfa-ry directly, or indirectly ; yet directly damned. What is it at the best, but a ne-cessary

cessary Euill ; like a Woman, which a Man can neither well haue, nor want : but an undoing Benefit ; like an ill Seruant, that eats more, than he earnes : but a tolerated Theft ; Like a Sore, that is suffered, only to prevent a worse Disease : But as it is made ; what it is, but the Spoyle, and Shipwracke of Estates, and States ? Of Estates ; for how Many haue beeene thus inspouerisht, to inrich One ? Of States ; for how should a Private Wealth, but hurt the

*Common-Wealth.*

But (thinkeyou) is  
an Vsuret all he is ?  
Tush Man ! hee's any  
thing for Aduantage.  
Any Gaine is good,  
howere it be got. Em-  
perour-like, hee Smells  
Gaine well from Passe  
and Stale : may Rope-  
like imbraccs it sweetly  
from the Stewes. He  
takes vp all Trades to  
thrive on : Now a La-  
bourer, now a Farmer,  
now an Artificer, now  
a Merchant, now an  
Officer: now an In-  
grosser, and sells all by  
whole

whole sale; now an Haberdasher of small wares, and sells vail by retale. Nay worse than these; An Informer, Promoter, Party-fogger, a Ridgeman, Poller, Toller, a Monopolizer, Market-monger, Corn-hoorder, Huckster, Broker, Re-gratour, a Mountebanke, Catchpole, Cutpurse, Carder, Chearer; and many such more than good: Of such like Trade, or rather Craft; which turne the Industry of Nature, and

Inuention of Art, into  
no better but Deceit,  
and Wrong. There are  
many wayes for a Man  
to inrich himselfe, with-  
out his Euill. A due Time,  
and good Meanes, will  
bring in Gaine enough,  
to no Mans losse. That  
only is well got, for which  
no Man is the worse. A  
Man ought both to labour  
in, and live by his Calling.  
And may (doubtlesse) so  
wisely, and iustly con-  
trive his Affaires, as to doe  
himselfe good thereby, and  
no body hurt. And there-  
fore are vocations of  
Men

Men well inuented : Men  
only abuse them, when  
they make ill Inuentions,  
their Vocations. When  
Men will not labour, for  
that is painfull ; when  
Men will not venture, for  
that is doubtfull : But will  
rather defraud and cir-  
cumvent, taking it to be  
easily and certainly gain-  
full : Having neither the  
Patience, nor Honesty to  
expect, till Time, and in-  
dustry may aduantage  
them ; But having a  
reack beyond both, to rise  
of a Sudden : And so they  
be hastyly, they care not

how uniusly rich.  
Nay but I know come  
nearc the Man, that is  
so neare himselfe. Why  
(God be thanked) Man,  
thou hast enough. E-  
nough ? No, no ; For-  
tune hath giuen to him  
(as she hath to Many)  
too much : but hath  
not giuen him (as she  
hath to None) Enough.  
Enough ? Theres two  
of the Enoughs ( he  
sayes ) and his ( he  
thinkes ) is little E-  
nough. It mattereth  
not, how much she  
hath with another ;  
sith

sith it leemes but small  
vnto himselfe. Little, or  
Much, it skilleth not ;  
Little would haue no  
lesse, and Much would  
still haue more. And  
therefore , his Hooke  
hangs continually, and  
all is Fish, that comes to  
his Net : He hath a  
Plow in euery Mans  
Field ; an Iron in euery  
mans Fire ; and an Oare  
in euery mans Boat.  
Like a hungry Dogge,  
he gapes at euery Bit,  
and snatches at euery  
Bone : Like a greedy  
Kite, ere hee haue yet

S 5      quite

quite swallowed the  
first gobbet ; he gapes  
and creeches for another :  
At once pulls one Hand  
vnto him, with what he  
hath gotten, and keeps  
close his Fist ; and o-  
pens the other Hand,  
and holds it out for  
more. He labours of a  
Diseale, the remedy  
whereof does rather in-  
crease the malady : a  
Feuer, a Dropsie, a Dog-  
gish Apperite. Meat  
makes him but hungry,  
and the more he drinks,  
the dryer he is ; and all  
you can apply, addes  
but

but Fewell to augment his Fire. The Serpent *Situla* hath stung him, and (doe what you can) heele die of an unquenchable Thirst. Powre in while you will, his Mouth is like a Sieue, or Tunnell; still open and empty: and all that is put in, doth rather stretch out, than fill vp his Belly. All other Desires of men, rest satisfied in their accomplishment: This hungry desire of Having only, the more it is fulfilled, it is enlarged. The Beasts  
can

can forthwith suffice  
their Appetites, only this  
beastly Appetite of Man  
will not bee satisfi'd. What  
shall I call this Couetous-  
nesse? a Ditch, a Graue, a  
Gulfe, a Whore, a Hell :  
infinite all, and insati-  
ate altogether. The  
Daughter of the  
Horseleach still cries;  
Giue, Giue : but  
neuer saith, It is  
Enough. He that la-  
ueth, Siluer, is doomed  
not to bee satisfied with  
Siluer. For, Couetousnesse  
is

is the Hunger of the Soule; and Money is but a corporall Sustenance: It may well then fill his Purse; but shall never suffice his Mind. The Couteous Man that loueth abundance, shall not be satisfid with Increase: Because the loue of his riches increaseth together with the Heape. A Poore man bath little, and wants little: a Rich man bath much, and wants more than he bath. The One rest content with what he hath; and thus is hee filled

filled with good  
Things : The Other  
coueteth to haue more ;  
and so is he sent empty  
away. How much bet-  
ter is it, to bee Full with  
little ; than Empty in the  
midst of much ? And how  
are they Riches ; which  
once increasing, Pouerty  
is increased also ? That  
Man is Rich, not that  
hath much ; but that  
wants little : And he wants  
the lesse, that hath the  
least. He that hath but lit-  
tle, esteemes well of a little.  
Profit : but he that hath  
much,

much, sets light by a small Gaine; because he lookes for more. The Man that desires many things, to him a Many things seeme a Few: but he that is content with few things, to him doe euен a Few things seeme a Many. A Beggar thinkes him rich with a Penny; a Rich man scarce thinkes him so with a Pound. Many a Man hath thought such a Thing too much for him, before hee had it: which when hee had, hee now thinkes it not enough. The Reason is, because he so seekes to haue,

baue, as that he sees not what he hath. Hee sees not, how he hath, what others want : but thinks he wants, what another hath. What another hath, he wants ; yea and wants what he hath himselfe. But, he that will haue what he hath, and haue enough ; Let him not get more, but craue lesse : For the only way to make a Man Rich, is not to augment his Substance ; but rather lessen his Desire. He that eats much, and is not filled ; that drinkest oft, and is not staked : Explanation

pletion but increases the Malady ; and there is no way to cure him, but by Purgation. A Man can not haue all that he will ; this he may, he may nill what he hath not. He that would but a little, may soone haue all he would. I will desire no more, when I would be sure to haue my Desire.

What ( I maruell ) would the Man doe with more ? Hee hath more already than is well bestowed, or than he well knowes how to bestow. It is his Goods Increase

Increase he minds only,  
not their Vse. How un-  
worthy is he of the Talent,  
that binds it in a Nap-  
kin, and bides it in the  
Ground? What is he bet-  
ter to have a thing and  
use it not, which is no-  
thing but the vse? What  
then would the Man  
with more Wealth?  
What? I'le answer for  
him; prouide for an  
hard Winter, and keepe  
in store against a deare  
Ycare: ( yea it is the  
thought of an hard Win-  
ter, makes him he dare  
not inioy the Summer.)

He

He will therefore ( he  
sayes) so dine, as he may  
sup; and so goe today,  
as he may to morrow.

Yea(Oh misery, and fol-  
ly of Men!) therefore  
will he certainly scant  
himselfe; lest perhaps  
he may be scanted: and  
want that alwayes,  
which he feares he may  
sometimes want. But  
would you know why  
he yet so scrapes and  
heapes? His most end is;  
He therfore would haue  
more, that others might  
haue lesse: Otherwise,  
he is not satisfied, while  
there

there is any thing beside him. Hee aduises himselfe in this case (as a *Tyrant* did his Officers) to consider how many things he wants; and to see that no other haue any thing but he. What he hath, doth himselfe no good, doth others hurt: for he hath it purposely to keepe it from others,rather than keepe it for himselfe. Like the *Dragon* that kept the Golden Apples;and that other that kept the Golden Fleece: Like the *Grieffs* in the

Hyper-

Hyperborean Mountains, that had no vse  
of the Gold and precious Stones were there;  
yet would suffer none  
to take them thence. Or  
(to compare him with  
what hee's acquainted  
with) like a Dogge on  
a Hay-Mow, he lies  
there not to eat him-  
selfe, but to keepe the  
Cattle from their Meat:  
Yea like a Daw, hides  
Mony, not that he hath  
need of it, but that o-  
thers might not find it. A  
Covetous Man doth good  
to none, nor not himselfe:

*dotb*

dotb hurt to himselfe, and  
all: Wife, nor Children  
are the better for him ;  
for whom Neighbours,  
and Strangers are the  
worse. He counts it an  
indignitie, to haue Equals  
neere him ; and a miserie  
to haue Neighbours by  
him : And could wish  
there were no more men  
in the World but he ; that  
so he might haue a World  
unto himselfe. A D A M  
(bee thinkes) was well  
blest, when there was no  
more to inhabit a whole  
Earth but bee : but now  
(bee sayes) the World is  
waxt

waxt so populous, that  
men haue much adoe to  
lue one by another. His  
endlesse coueting hath  
made his Possessions  
boundlesse: And yet (bee  
thinkes) he scarce hath  
enough; when bee now  
knowes not what he hath.  
I will now say to him, and  
all; and so as my words  
are warranted: Goe to  
now yerich Men( ye  
that ioyne House to  
House, and Field to  
Field; till there be  
no roome left for  
the

the Poore ) weepe,  
and howle for your  
miseries that shall  
come vpon you ; your  
riches are corrupted,  
and your garments  
moth-eaten : your  
Gold and Siluer is  
cankered, and the  
rust thereof shall be  
a wiueſſe against  
you, and shall eat  
your flesh as it were  
Fire : you haue bea-  
ped vp treasures to-  
gether

gether for the last  
dayes. Vnhappy Wealth,  
and euill ! that doth no  
good to those that haue  
it not ; and doth hurt  
to those that haue it :  
Troubling their Liues,  
blotting their Consci-  
ences, damning their  
Soules : and from a  
hell they made vnto them-  
selues : bringing them to  
the Hell prepared for  
them.

Oh cry him mercy !  
he disclaims him that  
can claime any thing of  
him ; that can say What,

T

or

or Whom he hath Oppressed, vndermined, polled, ingrated, spoyled, cheated, circumvented, or extorted. Whose House hath he hired from ouer his head, or Field from vnder his hands; or snatched his meat from out his mouth, or pull'd his Raiment from off his backe? Hath hee beeene a carelesse Executour, an vncquall Arbitratour, an evniust Guardian? Whose Wages hath hee with-held? Whose Estate hath he intan-

intangled? Whose Feot-  
ment hath hee im-  
bezilled? Whose Pledge  
hath he not restored?   
What Promise hath he  
not performed? and  
what Debt hath he not  
discharged? Or who can  
lay, this was his, or is, or  
so ought to be? He de-  
fies a World; what he  
hath, he came honestly  
by, and it is his owne.  
His Neighbour (for  
what he ever wrought,  
or thought against  
him) hath yet best  
Houle, Wife, Child, Ser-  
vant, Oxe, Ass, and

eucry thing that is his.  
Excellent Pharisee ! He  
hath kept the Com-  
mandements : But one  
thing is lacking; let him  
goe and sell all that he  
hath, and giue vnto the  
Poore. He is iustifi'd (he  
thinkes ) because he  
hath done no man  
Wrong : Not knowing  
he is guilty, for that he  
hath done good to  
none. Others did he ne-  
uer injure ; and so he is  
free (he perswades him)  
not considering he is  
bound to succour o-  
thers. Call him Coue-  
tous;

tous ; and herells you, he neuer held others from their owne : But I tell him, he is Couteous ; because he holds his owne from others. Not only he that greedily inuades another's, but he that niggardly detaines his owne, he also is Couteous. He bath slaine, that saues not ; he bath burt, that helpes not ; he bath spoyled, that rewards not ; he bath starued, that cherishes not ; he bath stript, that cloaths not : and he that bath not giuen, euē he bath taken away. The

Fault is no lesse his, that bestowes not on him that bath not ; than his, that exacts from him that bath. The Corne which thou hoardeſt, is the Bread of the hungry ; the Wooll and Flax which thou transportest, is the Cloth of the naked ; the Gold and Siluer which thou doſt ſo heip and hide, is the Price of the Poore : He that wiſely gaue it thee for them ; ſhall once ( in their behalfe ) as ſeuely require it of thee, and thy like : If was an  
bun-

bungred, and ye gaue  
me no meat ; I was  
thirsty, and ye gaue  
me no drinke ; I was  
a Stranger, and yee  
touke mee not in ;  
Naked, and yee  
cloathed mee not ;  
sick, and in Pri-  
son, and yee visited  
me not.

Nay and you talkē  
of Giuing, he is gone :  
This is ( he sayes ) no  
World to Giue ; him-  
selfe is ( as others are )

on the Taking hand.  
Quite of another mind  
from the *Scripture*; It  
is a more blessed thing  
( he sayes ) to Reccieue,  
than to Giue : And  
( cleane contrary to  
the *Prince*, that thought  
that day lost, in which  
he had giuen nothing )  
he thinkes it all lost, in  
that day that he giues.  
You cannot beat Boun-  
ty into his Braines with  
a Beetle. A very Truant  
is he ( and you examine  
him ) at a lesson of Libe-  
rality: and if you take in  
hand to tutour him ;

he

he makes any excuse,  
takes any occasion to  
bacie him otherwise,  
than about his Booke.  
You would not thinke  
how hee delayes the  
Dole to the Poore; and  
what Shifts he hath to  
shun a Beggar. If he but  
suspect there sits a needy  
Crauer neare to such a  
Corner ; he there either  
turnes another way, or  
lookes another way.  
He either mends his  
Pace, chats to his Com-  
panion, or makes him  
selfe musing on some  
hasty Matter : Now li-

T s stens

stens he to the other  
side, and the Poore man  
is on his deafe eare. It is  
not the first, and a faint  
asking will auaile him  
any thing ; hee must  
dogge him to it, for  
what he does. But if  
you once come to neare  
him, and follow him  
so faire, that hee must  
needes take notice  
though not of Your  
Want, yett of your  
Noysse : he never stands  
*Iesuitically* to equiuocate  
with you ; *I have it*  
*not* that is (he meanes)  
*nat* for you : but tels you  
blunt

blunt out at once; I haue not for you. Aske him a Farthing, and he sayes a Farthing is too little for him to giue; aske a Shilling, and hee replies, a Shilling is too much for you to receiue: Aske more, or leise; he thincketh to serue you with a matter of nothing. Tell him you'll pray for him, if hee'll be pleased to giue; and he tells you, hee can haue Prayers better cheape: Say you'll pray for him, whether hee'll giue or no; and hee'll trust you

(he)

( he sayes ) for once.  
( A poore Cauill is it,  
to flout out anothers  
Necessitie. ) And yet he  
thinkes, he hath thus  
put you off with as  
good a Grace, and as  
much Credit ; as ano-  
ther could haue plea-  
sured you. But if he  
be drawne to Giue, he  
giues so difficultly, so  
frowningly, with such  
vpbraiding and reui-  
lings ; that he giues you  
a Fish, and a Serpent at  
once ; and together  
with Bread, he puts a  
Stone into your Poke.

You

You had better bee without his Gift ; it is not so sweet in the ha-  
ving, as bitter in the re-  
ceiuing . Salute him with a Suit ; and hee stamps that he cannot stay to heare you : Hee now turnes, and talkes to euery one that comes by him : and cries, I come Sir , to any one that but opens the casement toward him. Pre-  
sent him with your Pe-  
tition, and he puts you to petition the second  
time for an answer to the first : Heele put on his

his considering Cap, and bids you come againe for an answer : and so you must spend more Time , Labour, Cost, for ( perhaps ) a further Delay ; or ( more likely ) a flat Deniall. The Churle hates to be Poore ; nor would he willingly be thought Rich : verifying the saying ; *He had rather bankrupte indeed, than so accounted.* ( Contrary to many waucering Credit-mongers, that seeks to be so accounted ; having scarce wherewith

to make vp their ac-  
counts.) Especially,  
how little doth hee set  
by himselfe at a Levie,  
Sessment, Loane, Tax,  
or Subsidie? And all is  
because hee would doe  
as little good as hee  
could, to King, Church,  
and Poore. He abhors  
to be charged with an  
Office of Charge: will  
Fine for a City Sheriff;  
and will be ready to cut  
his owne throat, to be  
made Sheriff of a Shire.  
He hates Papistrie for  
one Point especially,  
because they teach, A

Man

Man may merit Salua-  
tion by his Works : He  
heares it, but he cannot  
belleeue it ; No, no, his  
Hope is, Faith will come  
to saue him, though  
**Charity** be away. Ah  
*Charity, Charity ! thou*  
*faire Fruit of the Faith-*  
*full ; and laudable witnesse*  
*of a Soule Sanctifi'd :* Oh  
*thou that art the Greatest*  
*of all Graces for Abilting ;*  
*where dost thou now a-*  
*bide ? O Loue ! O Dowe !*  
*to whither hast thou ta-*  
*ken thy Wings ? How art*  
*thou flown out of the Arke*  
*of a wretched World ?*

how

how art thou gone out  
from vs, not to returne  
unto vs ? Alas ! how is  
thy beauty stained,  
Strength weakened, light  
darkned, and Heat coo-  
led? Helpe, Oh helpe !  
come once againe vnto vs,  
and do some good amongst  
vs : Now thou art gone,  
theres no good to be done.  
The Hungry pine, while  
there is none to feed  
them ; the Naked starue,  
while there is none to  
cloath them ; The Sicke  
languish, while there is  
none to visit them ; the  
Captiues call and cry,  
while

while there is none to deliver them ; the Poore complain, while there is none to right, or pity them. No man remembreth the Afflictions of I O S E P H. Neuer more need of an A N G E L to conuay Substenance to him prisoned in the Den ; or of a R A D V E N to fetch Food for him banished in the Wildernesse : For, L A B A N diminishes the Wages of I A C O B ; N A B A L will not part with a crumme of Bread, or a drop of water to the Son of I S H A I ; and D I -

V E S

VE S denyes L A Z A R V S  
to dine with his Dogges.  
Who releeuers him with a  
Penny, whom C H R I S T  
redeemed with his Blood?  
Who thrusts not out  
C H R I S T in a stranger,  
rather than takes in a  
Stranger for C H R I S T  
by sake? As the swinish  
G E R G A S E N E S thrust  
C H R I S T out of their  
Coasts: So with a many  
boggish Churles, away  
with the Begger (the stur-  
dy I meane not, but the  
needy) to the next Consta-  
ble, Stocks, House of Cor-  
rection. Their care is but

to

to be rid of them ; they  
care not to releue them.

Oh ho, now I haue  
him. Could you not  
thinke all this while, to  
what end he is so great  
a gatherer ? You must  
not thinke What onely,  
but Whom he is to  
leauue behind him. Hee  
hath laid vp ( with the  
*Glutton* in the *Goffell* )  
*for many Yeares :*  
Yea and ( beyond him  
too ) for more Yeares  
than his owne. Iust  
one of them, that  
*Haue their Porti-*

*on*

on in this Life, and  
leauue the rest of their  
Substance for their  
Babes. It is a Fatherly  
affection that vrges him  
thus to scrape and heap:  
A Father ( he thinkes )  
does not halfe loue his  
Children as he ought ;  
that plots not by all  
meanes to make them  
rich. To beget Chil-  
dren, and bestow them,  
is (thinks he) a Fathers  
Whole : and to endow  
them largely is the only  
Education. Better not  
beget, than beget to Beg-  
gery;

gery ; is an Apothegme  
of his owne : but the  
old Rule he remem-  
bers not ; *Better run-  
borne, than rountaught.*  
No matter for Instruc-  
tion , they shall haue  
Wealth enough . Goods  
are more than Good-  
nesse : What cares he  
whether they learne to  
live well ; his care is to  
leauing them well to live.  
It is all one to be such  
an ones Hogge, Horse,  
Dogge & as his Sonnes.  
Nay, his Hogges shall  
haue a Swincheard, his  
Horse a Rider , his  
Dogges

Dogges a Futerer ; but  
no Tutor for his Child.  
He will haue a Shep-  
heard in his Field, a  
Bayly in his yard ; but  
scarce a Minister in his  
parish : A Clarke for his  
Bonds, a Steward ouer  
his lands ; but no  
Schoolemaster to his  
Sonnes. He will looke  
that his land be well  
manured ; but respects  
not though he that  
must haue it, be neuer  
so ill mannered. What an  
Idiot it is, thus to decke  
and dresse the Seruante ;  
whose master notwithstanding

Randing must be but a  
Slouen. Oh their base-  
nesse, and folly! Lesse Cul-  
ture shall be bestowed vp-  
on the Owner ; then vp-  
on his Possessions. Sonnes  
or Daughters ; No mat-  
ter what they are, but  
what they haue : Be shee  
blacke, or shee's Penny  
white ; be shee crooked,  
her Wealth will make her  
straight ; be shee neuer so  
bad, her Goods are e-  
nough to make her Good.  
Be he base, hee's Gold  
Noble ; Be he sheepish  
be bath a Golden Fleece  
be his Demeanour never

so foule, he bath a faire  
Demeanes. What Vn-  
comeliness or Enmity will  
not Wealth make a man  
winke at ? O Fooles !  
Whether is better, and to  
be preferred ; Wealth, or  
Instruction ? the one a  
grosse Heape, the other a  
rare Endowment ; the one  
as vile to the other ; as is  
the Body to the Minde.  
And whether is worse, and  
rather to be despised ; a  
Begger, or a Foole ? the  
one bath no Mony, the  
other bath no Wit : and  
what the one wants of a  
Rich man, the other wants  
of a Man. V And

And is it He, for whom thou dost so toyle, and plod? Like thy Ox and Assethen, thou art not for thy selfe. Thou art but the Conduit-Pipe, and he the Cesternc: It comes thorow thine hands, but is laid vp for him. Thou therefore makest thee poore, to make him rich. And what good will it doe thee when thou art gone, that thou leftest sta rich Heyre behind? Yea, more Rich ( perhaps ) than Good. Thou hast gained for him, and so hast

haft lost thine owne  
Soulc. Did it Dives  
any good, that his Bre-  
thren ( after him ) liued  
merrily ; and ( great-like )  
of his Goods ? Say they  
dranke Wine in Bowles ;  
yet neuertheleſſe his  
Tongue was tormented in  
that Flame. When thou  
diest miserably, what art  
thou the better that thy  
Children liue neuer so  
brauely ? What is it, that  
they beget iollity to  
them, and horrour to  
thy Selfe ? Hereby haue  
they Pleasure perhaps,  
but it but short : but

V 2 thou

thou hast torment both  
certainte, and endlesse. A  
wealthy Sonne profiteth  
not a guilty Father : No,  
though he would give all  
he left him, for Masses,  
Dirges, Pardons, and  
Prayers ; it could not  
( what ere Men faine ) re-  
deeme his Soule from Hell.  
Indeed, Happy ( they  
say ) is he, whose Father  
is in Hell. For ( say they  
againe ) A rich man is  
either a bad man, or  
a bad mans Heire. If  
himselfe be bad, it will  
once goe worse with  
him : but if he only be  
heire

heire to a bad man ; he  
is happier himselfe, in  
that his Father is gone  
to the Deuill for him.  
Yet further ; What saist  
thou, but another after  
thee may proue as la-  
uish, as thou hast beeene  
scraping ; as riotous, as  
thou sparing ; and may  
scatter that in a Yere,  
which tooke thee a Life  
to gather : and what pro-  
fit hast thou, that thou  
hast laboured for the  
Wind ? Tis true, and  
iust ; both said, and  
Found : After a great  
Getter, there commonly

V ; comes

comes a Spender. Goods ill gotten, are ill spent: The First Heire may haue them, and a Second perhaps; all which a Third scarce comes to beare of.

Nay but ( I now be thinke me ) thou haft never an Heire : For whom is it now thou dost so soyle, and irke, yea and damne thy selfe? Thou knowest, thou must not haue them ; and who must haue them, thou knowest not. Perhaps, one that never knew thee, or will never thanke thee. HE puts

thee

thee in minde of such  
thy Frailty, and Folly at  
once: *Man Walketh in a vaine Sha-  
dow, and disquieteth  
himselfe in vaine :*  
*be heapeþ vþ riches,*  
*and cannot tell who  
shall gather them.*

Tush ! why tell you  
him ? If no Body will  
lay claime to it ; let it fall  
to the King , Church,  
Commons , Poore of  
the Parish . But for feare  
of such a Forfeit , thou  
hast chosen the can Heire

vnto thy selfe: One that thou louest well ; yea better it seemes than thine owne Soule. One that loues thee well ; and well he may, and it be but for the loue he hath to thine. He can-not chuse but loue thee horribly, while he loues Thine so impatiently : That is, he could wish Thee, and Thine at once, both hang'd, and had : yea, to haue Thine , what cares he to curse Thee to Hell ? He is one of the same Name ( I am sure ) though

though not one of the  
Kynne. So, so ; Kespe the  
Houle howsoever in the  
same Name ; belike the  
Line was not worthy  
of it. A B S O L O N hath  
no Childe for his Name  
to liue in ; shall he rot  
therefore out of remem-  
brance ? no, not while  
A B S O L O N S Pillar  
stands. If he haue no  
Monument of his  
Loynes ; he cait haue a  
Pillar of his Name : and  
thats enough to vphold  
his Houle. This is one of  
the last, but not the least  
follicies of Men ; to let a Title

V 5 carry

carry it, before the Right:  
To make Kinsmen Stran-  
gers, and a Kinsman of a  
Stranger : With the  
whole Price of an Heire-  
dome, to buy the Name of  
an Heire ; or an Heire of  
the Name : To purchase  
a lying Affinity with a  
costly kinde of Adoption.  
Nay but the Heire that  
must be, is a Poore Si-  
sters Sonne : The poore  
rag'd Knaue ( I can tell  
you ) is like to be Lord  
of all, He shall one day  
owne all that is his Un-  
cles ; though his Uncle  
now scarce will own  
him.

him. Not a Farting will he allow him to educate, and maintaine him; though leaoethim all at last, to waste perhaps, or else vngrosse. You shall finde him set the first in his Will; which never was suffered to sit the last at his Table. *It is the manner of the Couetous, to part with nothing while they liue; no not to those, to whom they mind to leaue all at their Death.* While he liues, all is too little for himselfe; but let him takeall to him, when he dies

dies. His Heire is now  
beholden to him, not  
for what he hath be-  
stowed; but for what  
he could not keepe:  
And will therefore  
thanke him, when he  
shall not heare him; will  
pray for him when it  
shall doe him no good.  
Thou now liest gal-  
ping, and thine Heire is  
gaping: Every looke he  
lets vpon thee, accuses  
the slownesse of thy  
Death: For he thinkes  
it his Wrong and Hurt  
that thou liest. Hee  
sighs and wailes before  
thee,

thee, not that he cares  
for thy losse; but hopes  
for thy Gaine: How he  
howles and blubbers,  
while thy hands quake,  
Teeth gnash, Eyes close,  
Breath stops, Heart  
choaks, and Soule flits;  
& all, not so much that  
thou art now dead, as  
that thou diedst not ere  
this. No Mans Death is  
more desired, than the Co-  
uetous Mans: It is al-  
wayes expected, plotted  
often, yea and sometimes  
untimely effected. All  
therefore wish him dead;  
because (like the Hog in  
the

the Pot ) he doth good to  
none, but after his Death.

Well, thou'lt therfore shake off these Sha-  
dowes ; and mind'st (heare) to build some  
Hospitall, Schoole, Col-  
ledge; or doe some cha-  
ritable Deed withall  
Sayes he so ? The Man  
lives poore (I perceiue)  
with purpose to die  
rich : and dies rich, to  
doe good after his  
Death. Yea, then doe  
Good, when he can do  
no longer hurt. He had  
robbed Peter all his Life  
and will now pay Paul

at his Death. That is no  
Liberalitie to give, when  
he can no longer haue: no  
Charitie to releue one,  
with what he hath wre-  
fled from another : no  
Pietie to doe Euill, that  
Good may come thereof :  
and no Equitie to get ill,  
with a purpose to bestow  
it well. I would not wish  
thee to goe to Hell all  
thy Life, with an intent  
to win Heauen after thy  
Death. Dost thou of-  
fend still, with purpose  
to make amends ?  
Wealthe well bestowing,  
is not enough for the

Fault

Fault in the getting. Satisfaction may appease the Hurt ; it cannot wipe away the Guilt of Fraud, or Oppression. But if thou wilt doe Good withall; I would advise thee to doe it, while thou hast it in thine hand to doe. Doe well with it, while it is yet thine : What thanks is it to thee, what Good is done with it, when thou hast left it. Doe then resigne it, before thou must needs hequeath it. Thou hadst as good doe Good by thy selfe, as others. Even now

now feed and cloath the  
Poore, that their Loynes  
and Bowels may blesse  
thee, before thou diest.  
*He is but a filly Traueller,*  
*that so orders for his Iour-*  
*ney, as to haue his Proui-*  
*cion sent after him, when*  
*himselfe is already gone*  
*so farre before : He may*  
*well want it, ere it ouer-*  
*take him. Good Workes*  
*goe merrily with, or be-*  
*fore vs : they follow but*  
*slowly afterwards.*

I dreame but too  
well of him ; theres no  
such matter he meanes.  
He meanes (as Hermo-  
crates )

brates ) to make him-selfe his owne Heire : and wishes still that his Goods might fall by succession to himselfe. Or else ( with Another ) will he deuoure his Gold before his Death ; and so bury it in him : Or ( with such Another ) sow it in his Sleeue, and appoint it to be buried with him. *Ab this bewitching Wealth ! bat this Gold, this Gold ! bow it ties Mens Hearts unto it ? Once Couetous, and always so. Auarice is commonly the Vice of old Age :*

*Whereas*

Wheras other vices then  
fade, this grows afresh. And  
as it begins with Age, so it  
ends not but with Life.

A Couetous Man growes  
the fonder of his Gold, the  
sooner he must forgoe it :  
Yea, when it must needs  
Leauue him ; even then is  
be loth to leauue it.

I haue now said so  
much of thee, that I had  
almost forgotten my  
selfe. Who ( thinkst  
thou) am I ? Euen no  
better than I would ;  
no other than thou  
oughtest to be. Will I  
(like thee) abase mine  
Affecti-

Affections vnto Earth; when I am bound to abyne at nothing vnder Heauen? To what can I stoope to in a World, that am aboue a World? I am more worthy, than to welcome base Pelfe vnto me, so as to worship it: My Minde came from Heauen; My Gold comes but from Earth: I doe not meane to set Earth aboue Heauen, in letting my Gold ouer-rule my Minde. If it will dwell with me, it shall be my Seruant; I intend to bee no Slaue  
vnto

vnto it. Riches can I contemne, and not desire, and vse : can vse the World, as though I vsed it not ; can passe by this present Life ; because I am to passe through it to another, to a better Life. Yea, can content me with a present Scantnesse, for hope of the Fulnesse I am to haue hereafter. It is not an Earth that I would ; nor can an Earth suffice and appease my Will. My Heart is a true framed Triangle, a coyned Circle cannot fill it. Nothing

thing can satisfie my Soule, but All things : He only is enough vnto it, in whom it is. Nothing leſſe than God, can suffice the Soule that is capable of God. Every Creature is but vile to him, that knowes but his Creator. A whole Earth is too ſtrait for him, that lookeſ as wide as Heauen. The whole Ocean of the World is but as a drop to a thirſtie Soules, to whom one drop of the river of Paradise is plenteous refreshment. Hee counts Mammom but base, that prizes

prizes God: And the wise Merchant cares not to part with all, to purchase the pretious Pearle unto him. Did my Will embrace a World, it would still aske more; A World is not enough to my Will: What then should I desire, but what onely and fully can answer, and appease my Desire?

I haue but little, tis true; and the best is, I want but little. I haue but little, yet enough: and that can never be little, that is enough; and what is not enough, when it

it is at the most, is not much. I lacke but little; I haue chosen the better part than so, to be carefull for many things, when one thing is necessary. *Godlinesse with Contentment is great Gaine;* said One, that for his Knowledge, knew both how to want, and how to abound: and for his Experience, *Hauing nothing, yet possessed all things.* Godlinesse with

with Contentment saies he : Why that's enough for Man or Christian : Nature invites the one, to be content with a little : and Grace aduises the other, *Hauing food and Raiment, therewith to be content.* A Man will Content him with Natures lot and limit : so will a Christian bee content with what measure God bath mett out unto him. Content is all : The least Portion is enough, the lowest Condition happy, with the

The Contented Man is poor. He is like unto God, that lacks the least; whose propertie it is, to have need of nothing; and to be sufficed with himself. The Contented Man is rich in the midst of Poverty; whereas the Covetous is poore in the midst of Riches. He that can be content with what he hath; wants not; what he hath not. He that is not so, wants what he hath. The Patriarch cared for no more, but Bread to eat, and Raiment to put

upon : The wife Man  
craued neither Power-  
tie, nor Riches : but  
Conuincience only. I  
will make that enough to  
me, which God hath gi-  
uen me with a sparing  
hand. God saw no more  
was good forme, befor-  
e he gaue mee no more.  
Whether God gives little,  
or much, he gives for the  
best. Better is a little  
with the Feare of  
the Lord, than great  
Treasure, and trou-  
ble therewith. Or lay

my Estate be not e-  
nough to my Will ; I  
can make my Will e-  
nough to mine Estate :  
Namely , while it an-  
swers not mee accor-  
dingly ; I can accor-  
dingly apply my selfe  
to it . *Hee that cannot  
make his owne enough ;  
will never haue enough ,  
though all were his owne.*

Mee thinks I yet see  
how *Crates* threw his  
Gold into the Sea : And  
heare how *Phocion* told  
*Alexander* , that himselfe  
was richer , who needed  
not his great Gift ; than  
was

was hee who gaue it :  
And thinkē how Fabri-  
cius thought it a King-  
dome; to contēmne the  
Wealth of a King. These  
knew Gold and Silver  
was but an claborate  
Dust ; Wealth was but a  
toylsome Heape ; and  
all manner of Riches,  
not such as their owne  
Worth, but the Errours  
of men had prized, and  
brought into request.  
This vnnecessary Trash  
(they knew, & proued)  
was but an impediment  
to Vertue ; and an in-  
ticement to Euill: They

X ; there-

therefore (whiche best  
Vertues, were but the  
best Vices) despised that  
for Vertues sake, which  
they knew to be the  
mater and causes to  
Vice. Did the Nations  
abhorre, and abhorr Israel  
adore the Golden Idol?  
Is Mony leffe Earthbrand  
Drosse, than it was of  
old; or are Mens Affection  
now become more vile  
and earthly? Huel Christia-  
nians more neede of  
Wealth, than had Pagans?  
Nay haue they not a hea-  
rer, safer, fuller Provi-  
dence within; than haue  
they

they that man<sup>e</sup> and man<sup>e</sup>  
without? How if it were  
they preferre be<sup>t</sup> things  
of this Life before them,  
that had neither the  
Knowledge, nor Hope of  
another and better Life?  
To leau<sup>e</sup> and contemne the  
Wealthe of the World, is an  
ordinary Leffing of P<sup>r</sup>of<sup>e</sup>  
fistic. To scape and  
dare the world, is no  
great Difcicultie. In Natura  
could teach<sup>e</sup> them to  
neglect them; because  
they did them no Good;  
Grace (me<sup>t</sup> thinks)  
should the rather  
strive in dauid and regard  
them,

them, because they doe  
more hurt.

Yea (as I say) doe me  
hurt : and more hurt,  
then for which a World  
can make amends. Both  
staine my Soule, and  
damme my Soule : and  
can a World now both  
wippe, and quit, this  
both Guilt, and Losse?  
*What shall it profit*  
*a Man, if bee*  
*shall gaine the whole*  
*World; and lose his*  
*owne Soule?* (saith  
He, that doth me much  
merit.) X as

as quite done, what bee  
dorh thus demand ) or  
what shall a man giue  
in exchange for his  
Soule ? An whole World  
( belike ) is not worth a  
Soule : I were vnwise  
then to hazard my  
Soule, though it were  
for a world. I will tell  
the Worldling what I  
know, and what hee  
finds. *Riches staine the  
Soule :* For a Man dorh  
not lightly and easilly  
become rich, without  
his Euill and Sinnes.  
Why dorh he call it the  
X, Vnright.

Unrighteous Mammon? but because Riches and Righteousness seldom go together. But it is common to have Wealth and Wickedness at once. How gets a Man his Wealth, but by Fraud and Oppression? how spends a Man his Wealth, but upon his Pride and Lusts? That must needs be bad outright; which is purchased by bad means, and employed to bad Ends. Riches are but base in their Nature; but are even bad in their

their Effects. Howe  
 banish'd are Robred and Ulric  
 noent together; yet tall  
 thineyerdune both to him self,  
 and Richelieu aduise him  
 good fortune. Goddes prop  
 will aueray shioke and  
 Malagha batte for this  
 Miserere's sake (I see) is  
 isthe sinewen comak'd  
 him. Nowe by Ruyt maled  
 coll' him ymble, nowe he  
 fates, I strib' ev'ryth'g  
 vnbullibed lewde o'ymble  
 Reade. Hanne it by Santes  
 Iesu (wys, as woyl) Rose  
 true. Before he beginnes  
 his Game, he hath quic  
 klye his life: yet comi-

albion

ders

ders not, how he holes  
all in the losse of him-  
self. The acquisition of  
his Riches was at the first  
sealed with the damnation  
of his Soule. Who-  
but <sup>the</sup> Devil and his Angels  
were to finch away the  
Richmans Soule at His  
bids: you understand  
how headlong he hastes  
downe to Hell; that  
tells you how hardly he  
gets up into Heaven.  
Saying: *It is easier*  
*for a Camel to goe*  
*through the eye of a*  
*needle;*

needle; than for a  
Rich man to enter  
into the Kingdome of  
God. Briefly, He tells  
plainely of their Blis-  
mish and Vngcance  
together: They that  
will be rich fall into  
temptation, and a  
Snare; and into ma-  
ny foolish, and but-  
full Lusts, which  
drowne men in de-  
struction, and perdi-  
tion.

Ah

Ah but tis a miserie  
(me thinkes) to bee  
poore: And there is (we  
say) No Way to Want.  
The Parenthesis was  
well put in, both for the  
pith, and Truth of the  
Saying. Poverty is a  
Misery, But it is to them  
that complain, because  
they take it so. Poverty  
is no burden to him, that  
can bear it out: None  
feare a weight of it, but  
he that feares to burden  
goit. Not troublesome is  
it to him that beares it;  
but to him that will not  
bear it. Nothing is dark

to a willing Mind: to an unwilling is nothing easie.  
Poerty is grieuous to no man; but rather many a  
Man is foyl'd. This is the  
miserie of it, that a man  
will needs make it so to  
himselfe. I am wooribly  
wretched, when I will  
not be otherwise per-  
swadēd, but that I am  
so; In my Minde, Hee's  
not poore, that my self  
not be rich: and Hee  
lacks nothing, that  
craugts not many things.  
Tush, tush! No man is  
poore indeed: and (but in  
conceit) is no Man rich.

He

He is Poore indeed, that  
cares to be rich : He's  
rich enough, that feares  
not to be Poore. Reach  
indeed to the Opinion  
of Men, and who is  
Rich ? But stoope to  
the Condition of Men,  
and who is Poore ? Na-  
ture hath limited a Man  
to live with little : And  
shall a Man thinke him  
Poore when he hath not  
wherewithall to trans-  
gress Natures Bounds ?  
There is a kinde of  
Meanness, and Scant-  
ness to many a Man :  
It is their pecuyness

to

to call it Baldnesse, and  
Beggery : and to re-  
proach it so, and abhor  
it. Men doe miscall,  
what they know not  
how to esteem. And as  
Children are skarred at  
Bugge-beares, and fa-  
bled or fained Hob-  
goblins : so Fooles flee  
this Ghostly and gasty  
appearing. Poverty by  
Fire and Water, Sea and  
Land. Let others thinke  
Rouerty a wofull mi-  
fery; I will deeme it (as I  
well proue it) an happy  
Security. The Poore  
Man, he does no hurt;

hc

no fears no hard labors  
 is not enjoyed, nor hated,  
 nor curs'd; joys unto the  
 treacherous enemies  
 of Men with his songs  
 and dances before them.  
 This is a sleepless husband  
 quinque vander-sing  
 Holte. Nothing has  
 he had cause to lose; and  
 loss less lawes although  
 he can not fall. I should  
 therefore like Poverty  
 but better because (as it is)  
 less obnoxious to  
 Fear; and less who  
 would still trouble him to  
 possess Riches; that must  
 once be more troublesome

their

their Losse? It is safer a  
great deale, not so Haue,  
than to Losse: And bee  
farre merrier, whom For-  
tune never respected; than  
whom she hath now forsla-  
ken. The lesser brame,  
I am Greater, i. than  
whom Change, or  
Chance may indam-  
aged; but Damsel  
But say Poerty were  
worse than it is; and  
poorer than I am: I am  
not other than Others,  
yea and my Betteris haue  
likewise beeane. What  
should I tell of poore  
Kings, Prophets, Apo-

stles, Fathers, Saints ?  
CHRIST himselfe was  
Poore : borne of a poore  
Woman, brought forth  
in a poore Stable, lapt  
in poore Clouts, laid in  
a poore Manger, liued  
a poore Life : HE, even  
he hungred, he wanted,  
he had not wherewith  
to pay the Due ; he had  
not whercon to lay his  
Head. Now Worme of  
Earth, how is it thou  
comest so to be rich ; fitb  
the God of Heauen and  
Earth, was so willing to  
be Poore. What was there  
in the World, was worthy

{ of

of God ? What cared he  
then for the worth of a  
World ? Why would bee  
want these Things of  
ours ? but to tell us, that  
we our selves might well  
bee without them : Why  
contemne them ? but to  
teach us not to desire  
them. My SAVIOVR  
cared not to bee rich,  
feared not to bee Poore:  
to bid me not trouble  
my selfe with so need-  
leſſe Feares, and Cares.

One thing is, (let the  
World goe the worst  
with me) I cannot liue  
poorer, than I was  
born;

Born; and Ie must  
Die Naked (said the  
Poore man) came f  
out of my Mothers  
Wombe; and naked  
shall I returne thither. And the Wisc  
man; As hee came  
forth of his mothers  
wombe, naked shall  
be returne to goe as  
he came: and shall  
take nothing of his  
Labour, whiche Bee  
may carry away in  
bis

his hand: In all  
points as he came, so  
shall hee goe, and  
what profit hath he,  
that hath laboured  
for the Wind? Come  
naked, Go naked;  
Bring nothing, Carry  
nothing: To what pur-  
pose then doe Men get  
and gather those things  
which they once had  
not; and once must not  
haue? These things of  
ours; here only we haue  
them; and wee leaue  
them here! Said I of

Ours?

Ours? How are they  
Ours, which at first were  
not so; and at last shall  
not so be? That is ours,  
which we bring with  
vs; but that anothers,  
which we get vnto vs:  
That is Ours, which we  
keepe with vs; but that  
anothers, which wee  
leauē behind vs. That is  
a mans Owne, which is  
not added to a Man;  
which is not taken from a  
Man; which is not one  
mans more than anothers.  
A Mans Soule is a mans  
owne: Riches are not so.  
Ob hazzard not your  
owne,

owne, to haue the *Thi[n]gs*  
that are not yours ! He  
fitly called them un-  
certaine *Riches* :  
They vncertaine raus ;  
and we likewise to  
them. *They Vncertaine* :  
Now ours, now others ;  
now gotten, how gone.  
*Nothing is Certaine* in  
*Riches*, but *uncertainty*.

So He expressly, *Riches*  
*Certainly make*  
*themselues Wings*,  
*They fly away, as an*  
*Eagle towards Hea-*  
*uen. An Eagle flies*  
*sud.*

suddenly, flies swiftly :  
So are Riches gone instantly, gone irrecoverably. These things of ours, they goe from vs by more mayes than one. Either thy Fadre of themselues; or we Consume them ; or others Depriue vs of them. Our Food is subiect to putrefaction ; our Garments to the Moth, and fretting ; our Gold and Siluer to the rust and canker ; our Lands to barrenesse and barrenesse ; and our Housses to rottenesse and ruine. Fire may deuoure them,

them, Water swallow  
them, Enemies spoile  
them, or Theues pur-  
loynce them. O vaine  
Man! How is it thou now  
trustest in a Tbing so  
vaine? Trust not in  
uncertaine Riches:  
Set not thine eyes  
upon the Tbing that  
is not: Yea, let mee say  
to One, and All of you:  
Lay not vp for your  
selues Treasures vp-  
on Earth, where  
Moth and Rust doth

suddenly, flies swiftly :  
So are Riches gone instantly, gone irrecoverably. These things of

TORN  
PAGES.

and canker; our Lands to bareness and barrenness; and our Houses to rottenness and ruine. Fire may devoure them,

them, Water swallow  
them, Enemies spoile  
them, or Thieves pur-  
loynge them. O vaine  
... Low is it thou now  
in a thing so  
Trust not in  
thine Riches:  
thine eyes  
be thing that  
ca, let me say  
and All of you:

Lay not vp for your  
selues Treasures vp-  
on Earth, where  
Moth and Rust doth

suddenly, flies swiftly :  
So are Riches gone instantly, gone irrecoverably. These things of ours, they goe from vs by more wayes than one. Either thy Fadre of themselves; or we Consume them ; or others Depriue vs of them. Our Food is subject to putrefaction ; our Garments to the Moth, and fretting ; our Gold and Siluer to the rust and canker ; our Lands to barrenesse and barrenesse ; and our Hous- es to rotteneſſe and ruine. Fire may deuoure them,

them, Water swallow them, Enemies spoile them, or Thieves purloynce them. O vaine Man! How is it thou now trustest in a Thing so vaine? Trust not in uncertaine Riches: Set not thine eyes upon the Thing that is not: Yea, let mee say to One, and All of you: Lay not vp for your selues Treasures vp-  
on Earth, where Mosh and Rust doth



cor-

corrupt ; and where  
Theeues breake thoro-  
row and steale : But  
lay vp for your selues  
Treasures in Hea-  
uen , where neither  
Moth and Rust doth  
corrupt , and where  
Theeues do not break  
thoroow and steale .  
We also are vncertaine :  
Did not Riches leaue  
vs ; yet must we leaue  
them at last . Death is  
not drawne to partiali-  
tie ; nor can she be cor-  
rupted :

rupted: Gold and Silver  
will not hire her to  
winke at the Wealthy.  
*As dieth the Poore Man:*  
*so dieth the Rich.* Shee  
knocks as readily, and  
equally at the Kings, as  
at the Beggers Doore.  
*Death (when she comes)*  
comes not to take *bis*  
*Wealth from the Rich*  
*man; but rather the*  
*Rich man from his*  
*Wealth.* That Rich Glut-  
ton had laid vp enough  
in store for many  
yeares: but that Night  
*They (Death and the*  
*Deuill)*

Dcuill) they fercht away his Soule. His Goods were yet laid vp; but his Soule now was fetcht away. Trustlesse, yea and Witlesse Wretch he was! Trustlesse, in that ( denying the Prouidence of God ) he laid vp for so many yeares: Witlesse, not considering how ( for his owne Frailty ) he could not promise that *Night* unto himselfe. To what end should I lay vp for many Yeares; when I am not sure, my yeares shall bee many. Why should

Should I so greedily get  
That to me ; which I  
know not how readily  
I may be fetcht from,  
or it from me ? Where-  
fore should I prouide  
for so long, when my  
Iourney is not farre ? The  
little I haue, may (for  
what I know.) out-last  
my Life. I haue(I know)  
but a little way Home ;  
and I doe not meane to  
make a Burthen of my  
Prouision. I would  
haue my Shooe but fitt-  
ted to my Foot : a Cloake  
too large or long,  
would but tire mee to

trauell in. It is to Elise, as  
to Swimme ; easiest for  
him that is the lightest. So  
I haue sufficient for to  
Day ; let to Morrow  
take care for it selfe.  
Why should my Care  
be for the Morrow ;  
when I am not sure the  
Morrow shall be mine ?  
He that likes not my  
Resolution , let him  
read my Warrant , and  
vnderstand it. Take  
no thought for the  
Morrow ; for the  
Morrow shall take  
thought.

thought for the  
Things of it selfe.  
Sufficient vnto the  
Day is the Euill  
thereof : I doe not  
meane to make it the  
worste to me, by ad-  
ding mine owne vnto  
it. Neither will I riot  
and waste, because I may  
die to Morrow: nor yet  
couet and scrape, be-  
cause to Morrow may  
be mine to luse. *He that*  
*so spends the Things of*  
*the World, as if he were to*  
*Die now; so spares, as if*  
*he were to live yet: the*

same

same vses the World, as if he vsed it not : And is richer in the Inioyment of a small Portion ; than is the other in the Keeping of the largest Heape.

Churlish Death ! (thou saist) and therather so; to threaten a Separation betwixt Thee & Thine : than betwixt Thee and thy Selfe. Thou irkest less (I know) thy Body and Soules finall Dissolution; than thy Mind & Monies least Diuision. Thou art married to thy MAMMON : ty'd in a Knot vnto it, which Death

Death onely must vudoc. Thou art one with thy Wealth : and ere thou wilt not be covetous, thou wilt not Be. Hugge thy Heapes yet a while ; and kisse euery Face of thy Coyne : Where thy Treasure is, there let thy Heart yet be : Death shall scatter thy Treasure, when she hits thy Heart. While thou thinkst on what thou hast laid vp ; that *Night*( thou thinkst not on ) shall come. Then shall their Heape stay behind thee ; and their Guilt

Guilt onely shall goe  
with thee: And thy  
Money moreover shall  
merit thee this Memo-  
riall:



Beneath

## *Distractions.*



Eneath this Stone,  
There lieth One;  
No matter for his Name.  
But base by Birth;  
He once kept Earth:  
And now Earth keepes the same.  
For all his Store,  
He was but Poore;  
Euen wanting what he had:  
Making himselfe  
A Slave to Pesse;  
No Slave so base, so bad.  
His thoughts were怀着,  
Carcase sparing;  
To pamper up his Powre:  
Held a Hegg;  
Did like a Dogge:  
And's gone with many a Curse.  
His Mind was Gold;  
His Corps is Mould;  
Which now lies rotting here:  
This, will be Dust,  
That, and the Rust,  
Shall once againe appeare.  
God, Friends, and Health,  
Were all to Wealth  
Neglected, and Contemned:  
Wherfore to Devils;  
Foes, Woes, and Evills;  
Hee's iustly now Condemned.

1629  
6-27

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(26),

# DISTRACTIONS, OR *The Hol<sup>y</sup> Madnesse.*

Feruently (not Furiously)  
inraged against Euill Men ; or  
against their Buills..

Wherein the Naughty are discou-  
ered to Themselues, and Others : and  
may here see at once, Who they Are ;  
What they Doe ; And How  
they Ought.

Somewhat Delightfull, but Fruisfull  
altogether : as Ordered to please  
a little ; but Aymed to  
profit much.

---

By I O H N G A V L E,  
*Utriusque olim Academie.*

---



HM.

L O N D O N,

¶ Printed by John Harviland,  
for Robert Allot. 1629.

their well nigh return'd dust; strangle the Infant in the Parents cyc, and armc; spoile their Virgins, or rip vp their Bigge, bereaue their Mothers; Make their Men to draw in his Waggonz, to grinde in his Mills, to dig in his Mines: Their Princes necks shall bee but his Footstooles; and their Young-mens backes but the Asses for his loads: Thus roare the Lions, thus hisse the Serpents, thus barkc the Dogges. Nought but spue

spue out their rancour,  
but breath out revenge.  
These haue ( I marke )  
most commonly gone  
together ( I would like  
Fellowes to the Gal-  
lowes ) the Angry, and  
the bloody minded.  
*Murder was the first  
fruits of Anger, CAIN  
rose up in a Fury against  
his Brother, and slew him.*  
So, the Brethren in  
iniquitie : What of  
them ? Fearefull ; and  
to bee detested : In  
their Anger they  
slew

*slew a man : And  
therefore (may such o-  
ther, fare no better )  
Cursed be their An-  
ger, for it was fierce ;  
and their Wrath, for  
it was Cruell. As  
for me, ( and so sayes  
euery harmlesse Spirit )  
O my soule ! come not  
thou into their secret:  
vnto their assembly  
(mine Honour ! ) be  
not thou vntited.*

*Theres yet an old  
Beare to bait : I would*

*he*

he were blinde, or  
toothlesse ; it would  
be good sport to whip  
him. What must he  
sue haling to the stake ?  
As loth as hee is to  
comethither ; I would  
bee loth to trust him  
there. That bubbling  
Brooke was more tur-  
bulent : but this still  
and standing Lake is  
more violent ; Old An-  
ger (I meane) which  
makes up the slownesse,  
*in the weight of Ire.* A  
Monster of a tedious  
breeding, of an unfor-  
tunate birth ; a Serpent  
abuilde

of a Difficult hatch, and  
dangerous ; an ill Li-  
quour that being kept  
too long, hath tartered  
and tainted the Caske ;  
a Poole that hath for-  
merly beene stirred, and  
yet can finde no time to  
settled : a Lion that long  
couches, and slum-  
bers sullenly; yet rouzes  
him in the end, and  
roares hideously : a Fire  
that hauing long laine  
smothered, breaks out  
at last into a fierce and  
furious flame : a mote  
at first, that offendeth ; a  
Beame at last, that  
blinds

blinds this cyc. Comparisons are not here more odious, than in the Vice-Liken (and you will) the growth of a bishill. Woods, do any thing that wanteth worse.

Marke how to stint, and stop it. Crush the Cockatrice in the Egge, push the Scorpion in the shell, hunt the Young Foxes, while they are yet but pretty Cubs; take the Small Brat, and dash his head against a stone. Anger is a disease, with more ease, and honesty, prevented; than recovered. This Fury

synagogue, & the whole body  
had also Dennis, John and Scott  
speaking; & finally, change  
their names, when they  
grew into bachelors, and  
young couples. In the beginning,  
they called it Prairie Mand  
or Prairie in the French,  
or Prairie Chouteau in the  
French, or Prairie du Chouteau;  
and the Odd Grey Haired  
and Radical. Thus doth  
divide us from the Age:  
with whom also deter-  
mined it riding for his lion  
Orion when it comes about a  
Day. It then lived too  
long, which doth witness  
the Ephebemont: which

(thoy say) liuesto long-  
er, than I said Anger  
ought to liue. He that  
bids You *Let not the  
Sun goe downne upon  
your Wrath*, forbids  
wirthally your thralld. Let  
the Sun (golden downe)  
to rise vpon you. Two Sunnes  
are too many for an An-  
ger man to see. Accencion  
of dayes addes vnto this  
Edict. Haste is to be  
hated, For so is it de-  
fined. Haste is an aged  
and wearied Anger.  
An Anger doubled by  
dayes, and degrees. Ha-

tryed (for so I now call it) hauing taken long and deepe root in the hearts of Men, is not readily & easily weed-ed thence. A mans loue oft turnes to hate ; his Hate seldom returns to Loue. Implacable man, and impious ! His cuill lasts with his Life ; Nay, when he is dead, it will be a Question (as was of Sylla) whether He, or his Anger died soonest ? They story some to haue hated so while they liued ; that dead, and burned together, their

their flame notwithstanding was diuided:  
And Others, who slaine together, their bloud  
refused to be mingled.

*The Sinne of a Man out-*  
*liues himselfe: this Sinne*  
*especially. A Good mans*  
*Anger (they say) is soone*  
*dead: but a bad Man ( I*  
*see) is sooner dead, than*  
*bis Anger.*

How cam'st thou  
(prethee) to be so cholerick?  
The Man (I  
know well) hath it by  
Kinne, it cost him  
nought. I was saying,  
the Hate and Ire of Men

li'd, when Men were  
dead, I cannot say, that  
Hate lies with the  
Dead: I have noted, the  
Dead haue derived their  
hatred to the Living.  
(I speake not of Enmi-  
tie betwixt Nation and  
Nation; so mutuall, so  
continuall.) The Man  
hates, the Sonne hates;  
and why? his Friend or  
Father hated formerly.  
Hee but chily succeeds,  
that will be beire also to  
be a Father and a Sonne. There  
is obiously a naturall  
Antipathie, an hidden  
Enmity, of inbred Hat-  
hate & Vi  
uers-

under one of them wch I recd  
and b Trees; has between it  
the Oak and the Olive,  
the Vine and the Goli.  
beonk &c. Between all Beasts  
and Beasts young there were  
the Elephant and the  
Dragon; in the R Ather  
and the Dylken and the  
Scorpion; the Spider and the  
Toad; the Bird and Birds;  
the Eagle & the Wren,  
the Dove and another  
Birds; Fishes & Fishes;  
the Lamprey and the  
Conger, alsi the two  
great Fishes called Oar  
and Balana. By such a list  
is

nate and contrary Qualities are observed betwixt Man and Man; though indeed, the succession of Hatred would give to none (as it were) a naturall Antipathie betwixt them. Wc know, and say it is their Vice, howeuer they would make us belieue it is their Nature that sets them at so deuout and odde. Harke, God maketh them that bat once proceedest from thy Father's Flesh, and remaketh them that thinkest thou degenerate from

his Stocke, if from his  
Vice : There was never  
but one Enmitie worthy,  
yea necessary the propa-  
gating ; even that, which  
God (at first) prouoked,  
and proclaimed irrecom-  
cileable : I will put  
Enmitie betweene  
thee, and the Wo-  
man ; and betweene  
thy Seed, and her  
Seed. Ah thou Traitor  
to thy God, and Foe to  
thine owne Sonle ! why  
makest thou a Covenant  
with thine, and thy fore-  
N s fathers

oate and contrary Qualities are observed betwixt Man and Man: though indeed, the succession of Hated would give to none (as he were) a natural Antipathie betwixt them. Wee know, and say, that their Vice, how-  
ever they would make it bolden it is their Na-  
ture that set them at so  
deadly odds. Harke,  
O Murther that thou art  
once proceedest from thy  
Fathers Flesh, and Fro-  
m mother that thou hast  
thou degeneratest from

his Stocke, if from his  
Vice : There was never  
but one Enmitie worthy,  
yea necessary the propa-  
gating ; even that, which  
God (at first) prouoked,  
and proclaimed irreconc-  
cileable : I will put  
Enmitie betweene  
thee, and the Wo-  
man ; and betweene  
thy Seed, and her  
Seed. Ab thou Traitor  
to thy God, and Foe to  
thine owne Soule ! why  
makest thou a Covenant  
with thine, and thy fore-

N 5 fathers

Fathers adversary? That  
mortall iarre was only to  
be derived to Succession.  
How many Sonnes haue  
vindicated their Fathers  
wrongs to the full? Even  
successions of Families  
haue continued the Strife  
and Debate, their fore-  
fathers began betwixt  
their Housses. Alas! that  
an ISRAELITE grudges  
at, and striues with an  
ISRAELITE (a Man  
with a Man, a Christian  
with a Christian) And yet  
rather suffers any Injury,  
and Slavery; than breake  
an h. trd Covenant, a sea-  
soned ? N red

REPROBATION (CONT'D.)  
RAON, the Devil. O all  
ye cannibals. Spomes of  
ADAM. Impes toge-  
ther by Lyses, and  
Lyses. How is it ye have  
forgotten the Old Quar-  
rell; which though it be-  
gan in your Fath-  
er; yet it equally con-  
cernes your Sches? You  
batt an Adversary to you  
all; why wrangle, and  
strangle ye, one with a-  
nother? Were you not  
joined to him; you could  
not shun be laid aside against  
your Sches.

ME thinks, I should  
(by

(by this) make him angry at nothing but thine Anger. If Anger, (as I haue said) be a Passion so inordinate, vnseemly, Bruisly, Pusillanimous, Envious and mischievous; if it haue neither Ground, nor End; if neither Delight, nor Gaine; if it obscure Reason, and exclude Grace; if it bee detestable to God, Disastefull to Man, and Preiudiciall to himselfe; What Wise man, and Good, will now be angry? Had Anger ei-ther

ther Pleasures on Profit  
in it; there were some en-  
timent to it. But Anger  
is an Esfull, every wayes so  
full; that it carries no  
colour for its entertain-  
ment. It is by a show of  
profit, or Delight, that  
other Sinnes insinuate  
this sinne of Anger only,  
intrudes upon a Man,  
with palpable vexation,  
and losse.

Yea, but thou canst  
temper thy selfe, and  
take vp thine Anger in  
time; and checke it,  
ere it rush into these  
rash, and rigorous Ex-  
orbitances.

orbitances, w<sup>t</sup> selfe Fames  
hadst thou not better  
quite exclude it, than  
(having admitted it)  
now busie, and trouble  
thy selfe, to gyuide it? It is  
safer to keepe out, than  
get out of it. Fary, is  
better not to hazard  
the Disease, than pre-  
sume vpon the Remedy.  
The Course (by your  
leauue) is not leuone  
taken up, w<sup>t</sup> he is now  
on his late, v<sup>t</sup> with his  
spectre. The Rocke is  
steeped, and thou art  
readily poueradly, and  
casily godis; thou now  
scoodie fall

fall past recovery & Thy  
Sea is troubled, thy  
Ship is tossed, Anger  
sits Pilot ; and (ere  
thou thinkst on an An-  
chor, an Harbour) be-  
hold a Wracke. A man  
may with more ease for-  
bid his Anger, than bee  
can command it : with  
more safety may bee pre-  
vent it, than stell it.  
The Entrance of many  
things are in our hands;  
but not their Issue. While  
yet it is not, Anger is in the  
power of the Man : when  
it is over, the Man is in  
the power of his Anger.

Set Anger once on foot,  
and it runnes, not so farre  
as you will let it ; but will  
hale you rather as farre  
as it list. I cannot but  
smile, thou'lt needs ac-  
count thee Capaine,  
and This thy common  
Souldier ; to fight vnder  
thee, forthee : Lead him  
warily on, heele scarce  
come fairly off. While  
thou'lt sit Judge, to  
pass the Sentence ; and  
make it thy Cryer, to  
put thee in mind, and  
mood : be wise ; thou  
maist soone condemn  
thy selfe.

How

How Man? Call and account thee a Coward,  
and Ass, and Idiot, a  
Blocke, a Stoicke, a  
Stocke? And why? be-  
cause thou wantest a  
Heart, a Spirit, the Val-  
lour, the Courage, to be  
angry at them; to check  
and curbe in thy Fury,  
the Indignities they doe  
thee. Tell them ( and  
thou wilt ) from me;  
They only care so, that  
so say, so think. What  
a Madnesse of Men is  
this, and Folly of theirs?  
Are we before sensesse,  
because not impatient of  
Pecche?

our

W<sup>e</sup>re wrongs? Bellomfids!  
thus to play upon me.  
Patient. It is for Boles  
and Peasants, & quondam  
them forsworn, whom  
they have not placidly  
For Kingdome? and with  
kings, & goodly Empires  
dead. Wronged, insomuch  
he forsworn by pernicious  
fiels. yet tell me, if Land  
forsooth the Bell, And Wi-  
(est) anger addes Con-  
rage to the Major, and is  
not so without it? But  
rather, basely insinuates  
him to another's Power,  
and Mercys, while he is  
not in his power. Then she  
Pecunish,

Precious, none more! Sir  
use a soft wafe ab Affection  
on lurking not low in han-  
self brefts. Vilest wret-  
ches are the rather mo-  
ued; because they would  
but cannot be revenged.  
What thinkst thou of  
the Body, that yelpes  
and yaps but by small  
pushes? if suddenly sudden  
motion? is it not too  
too crazy? To cry out  
you hurt it when you  
scarce touch it. Verily,  
the Mind is as corrup-  
ted and cankred, as the  
Body vicerous; to  
shrikc and shrike, at  
cucry

cucry push and pricke,  
To stumble, and wrangle  
at every Offence ; argues  
but the Minde wretched,  
and infirme. I never saw  
any Man in this case ;  
whom I judged not  
Boyish, Womanish,  
Foolish, Sickish, or (at  
least) Old and Petuish.  
Now on the contrary :  
None so magnanimous (in  
my minde ) as he that  
forgetteth iniuries. Nor  
am I of another minde,  
than the Wise Man :  
*It is the glory of a  
Man, to passe ouer*

a Transgression. It  
must needs be a right  
noble minde he beares ;  
that he can, but scornes  
to be reuenged. *A Man*  
*is a Lord in his Fauour :*  
*in his Anger is Man but a*  
*Slaue.* He bath fought a  
stout, and stately Fight ;  
that bath subdued his Af-  
fections. I will euer  
thinke the best of such  
an one, and speake no  
worste. Bold Heart, and  
Braue ! that hath alre-  
ady curbed his Passions,  
and cured them to a  
skarre : hauing only re-  
maining

graining in himself, but as it were the Shadows and Suspirions of his Affections. But a Coward is he ( will I be bold to tell him ) and base : that ( could bee winne a World ) can not here conquer himself.

Thus much I of Thee; and ( vnto me better ) too much. Now hearke me of my selfe. Credit mee ; neither to any of ( at least ) would be so ; as I now will shew thee before thee, though so I boast mee gaines not.

whit.) It is Hengist gaing  
betw Middlefeld, Iohds Wex  
would yfaret forth your  
sabre & warawilleg. Part-  
hantes, for oþers do lini-  
gan; & þan not ax dished  
Pictures only, no be ga-  
zed bawow on tþuor. T  
I am not gþ Feathers-  
like) Stiffed and tossed  
at every pulse and blast  
of Discontentment:  
but striven with them to  
stand stedfast as a Pil-  
lar) swinge the winds  
and stormes of iniurie  
and offences. W<sup>t</sup>er met  
him self stayed R<sup>t</sup>oke, to  
repell their ful ging, iu-  
ging

ging Waves: and (like a Wall of Marbles) reflect their angry darts into their own faces and throats. Men shall see my Contempt, in a no notice of theirs. Though he would acknowledge on his Of-fence; I will (with Cato) not so much as acknowledge mee of-fended. This is a stayed-nesse, is an Happinesse of our Minds; that we daine not to answer Fooles in their Folly. You aske mee, why I doe not re- quite the Wrong? I an-  
swere,

lver, because I feele it  
not. No wrong (as I  
take it) is done to him,  
that will not take it to  
himselfe. I take Wrong,  
as Honour : Honour is  
not in him, that is honou-  
red ; but in him that ho-  
nours : nor is Wrong in  
him that hath, but in him  
that doth the Wrong. Me  
thinks, A mans Reuenge  
is but the Confession, or  
the complaint of his owne  
vexation. Mine then  
would but tell them,  
how they haue troubled  
me. And vile Minds (I  
know ) will the rather

O doc

vnto thy selfe: One that thou louest well ; yea better it seemes than thine owne Soule. One that loues thee well ; and well he may, and it be but for the loue he hath to thine. He can- not chuse but loue thee horribly, while he loues Thine so impatiently : That is, he could wish Thee, and Thine at once, both hang'd, and had : yea, to haue Thine , what cares he to curse Thee to Hell ? He is one of the same Name ( I am sure ) though

though not one of the  
Kinne. So, so ; Keepe the  
House howloever in the  
same Name ; belike the  
Line was not worthy  
of it. A B S O L O N hath  
no Childe for his Name  
to liue in ; shall he rot  
therefore out of remem-  
brance ? no, not while  
A B S O L O N S. *Pillar*  
stands. If he haue no  
Monument of his  
Loynes ; he can haue a  
Pillar of his Name : and  
thats enough to vphold  
his Houle. *This is one of*  
*the last, but not the least*  
*follies of Men; to let a Title*

V 5 carry

carry it, before the Right:  
To make Kinsmen Stran-  
gers, and a Kinsman of a  
Stranger : With the  
whole Price of an Heire-  
dome, to buy the Name of  
an Heire ; or an Heire of  
the Name : To purchase  
a lying Affinity with a  
costly kinde of Adoption.  
Nay but the Heire that  
must be, is a Poore Si-  
sters Sonne : The poore  
rag'd Knaue ( I can tell  
you ) is like to be Lord  
of all, He shall one day  
owne all that is his Vn-  
cles ; though his Uncle  
now scarce will owne  
him.

him. Not a Farthing will he allow him to educate, and maintaine him ; though leauing him all at last, to waste perhaps, or else ingrosse. You shall finde him set the first in his Will ; which never was suffered to sit the last at his Table. *It is the manner of the Couetous, to part with nothing while they liue ; no not to those, to whom they mind to leave all at their Death.* While he liues, all is too little for himself; but let him take all to him, when he dies

dies. His Heire is now  
beholden to him, not  
for what he hath be-  
stowed; but for what  
he could not keepe :  
And will therefore  
thankē him, when he  
shall not heare him; will  
pray for him when it  
shall doe him no good.  
Thou now liest gaping,  
and thine Heire is  
gaping : Every looke he  
lets vpon thee, accuses  
the slownesse of thy  
Death : For he thinkes  
it his Wrong and Hurt  
that thou liuest. Hee  
sighs and wailes before  
thee,

thee, nor that he cares  
for thy losse; but hopes  
for thy Gaine: How he  
howles and blubbers,  
while thy hands quake,  
Teeth gnash, Eyes close,  
Breath stops, Heart  
choaks, and Soule flits;  
& all, not so much that  
thou art now dead, as  
that thou diedst not ere  
this. No Mans Death is  
more desired, than the Co-  
uetous Mans: It is al-  
wayes expected, plotted  
often, yea and sometimes  
untimely effected. All  
therefore wish him dead;  
because ( like the Hog in  
the

*the Pot ) he doth good to  
none, but after his Death.*

*Well, thou'l therefore shake off these Shadowes ; and mind'st (I heare) to build some Holpitall, Schoole, Colledge; or doe some charitable Deed withall.*

*Sayes he so ? The Man liues doore (I perccive) with purpose to die rich : and dies rich, to doe good after his Death. Yea, then doe Good, when he can doe no longer hurt. He hath robbed Peter all his Life; and will now pay Paul*

at his Death. That is no  
Liberalitie to giue, when  
he can no longer haue: no  
Charitic to releue one,  
with what he bath wre-  
sted from another: no  
Pietie to doe Euill, that  
Good may come thereof:  
and no Equitie to get ill,  
with a purpose to bestow  
it well. I would not wish  
thee to goe to Hell all  
thy Life, with an intent  
to win Heauen after thy  
Death. Dost thou of-  
fend still, with purpose  
to make amends? Wealths well bestowing,  
is not enough for the

Fault

Fault in the getting. Satisfaction may appease the Hurt ; it cannot wipe away the Guilt of Fraud, or Oppression. But if thou wilt doe Good without ; I would advise thee to doe it, while thou hast it in thine hand to doe. Doe well with it, while it is yet thine : What thanks is it to thee, what Good is done with it, when thou hast left it. Doe then resigne it, before thou must needs bequeath it. Thou hadst as good doe Good by thy selfe, as others. Even now

now feed and cloath the  
Poore, that their Loynes  
and Bowels may blesse  
thee, before thou diest.  
*He is but a silly Traueller,*  
that so orders for his Iour-  
ney, as to haue his Proui-  
sion sent after him, when  
himselfe is already gone  
so farre before : *He may*  
*well want it, ere it ouer-*  
*take him.* Good Workes  
goe merrily with, or be-  
fore vs : they follow but  
slowly afterwards.

I dreame but too  
well of him ; theres no  
such matter he meaneſ.   
He meaneſ ( as Hermo-  
craſes )

brates ) to make him-selfe his owne Heire : and wishes still that his Goods might fall by succession to himselfe. Or else ( with Another ) will he deuoure his Gold before his Death ; and so bury it in him : Or ( with such Another ) sow it in his Sleeue, and appoint it to be buried with him. *Ah this bewitching Wealth ! hath this Gold, this Gold ! how it ties Mens Hearts unto it ? Once Couetous, and alwayes so. Auarice is commonly the Vice of old Age:*

*Whereas*

Whereas other vices then  
fade, this grows afresh. And  
as it begins with Age, so it  
ends not but with Life.

A Couetous Man growes  
the fonder of his Gold, the  
sooner he must forgoe it :  
Tea, when it must needs  
Leave him ; even then is  
he loth to leave it.

I haue now said so  
much of thee, that I had  
almost forgotten my  
selfe. Who ( thinkst  
thou) am I ? Even no  
better than I would ;  
no other than thou  
oughtest to be. Will I  
(like thee) abase mine  
Affecti-

Affections vnto Earth; when I am bound to  
ayme at nothing vnder  
Heauen? To what can  
I stoope to in a World,  
that am aboue a World? I am more worthy, than  
to welcome base Pelfe  
vnto me, so as to wor-  
ship it: My Minde came  
from Heauen; My Gold  
comes but from Earth:  
I doe not meane to set  
Earth aboue Heauen, in  
letting my Gold ouer-  
rule my Minde. If it  
will dwell with me, it  
shall be my Servant; I  
intend to bee no Slauc  
vnto

vnto it. Riches can I  
contēmne, and not de-  
sire, and vse : can vse  
the World, as though I  
vſed it not ; can passe  
by this present Life ; be-  
cause I am to passe  
through it to another,  
to a better Life. Yea, can  
content me with a pre-  
sent Scantnesse, for hope  
of the Fulnesse I am to  
have hereafter. It is not  
an Earth that I would ;  
nor can an Earth suffice  
and appease my Will.  
My Heart is a true fra-  
med Triangle, a coyned  
Circle cannot fill it. No-  
thing

thing can satisfie my Soule, but All things : He only is enough unto it, in whom it is. Nothing lesse than God, can suffice the Soule that is capable of God. Every Creature is but vile to him, that knowes but his Creator. A whole Earth is too strait for him, that lookes as wide as Heaven. The whole Ocean of the World, is but as a drop to a thirstie Soule ; to whom one drop of the river of Paradise is plenteous refreshment. Hee counts Mammon but base, that prizes

prizes God; And the wise Merchant cares not to part with all, to purchase the pretious Pearle unto him. Did my Will embrace a World, it would still aske more; A World is not enough to my Will: What then shoud I desire, but what onely and fully can answer, and appease my Desire?

I haue but little, tis true; and the best is, I want but little. I haue but little, yet enough: and that can never be little, that is enough; and what is not enough, when it

it is at the most, is not much. I lacke but little; I haue chosen the better part than so, to be carefull for many things, when one thing is necessary. *Godlinesse with Contentment is great Gaine;* said One, that for his Knowledge, knew both how to want, and how to abound: and for his Experience, *Hauing nothing, yet possessed all things.* Godlinesse will

with Contentment faies  
he ? Why that's enough  
for Man or Christian :  
Nature invites the one,  
to be content with a little :  
and Grace aduises the  
other, *Hauing food*  
*and Raiment, there-*  
*with to be content.*  
A Man will Content him  
with Natures lot and li-  
mit : so will a Christian  
bee content with what  
measure God hath mett  
out unto him. Content is  
all : The least Portion is  
enough, the lowest Condi-  
tion happy, with the

equanimity of the Be-  
rare. The Man is likest to  
God, that lacks the least ;  
whose propertie it is, to  
have need of Nothing ;  
and so to be sufficed with  
himselfe. The Contented  
Man is rich in the midst  
of Pouertie : whereas the  
Covetous is poore in the  
midst of Riches. He that  
can be content with what  
he hath ; wants not, what  
he hath not : he that is not  
so, wants what he hath.  
The Patriarch cared for  
no more, but Bread to  
eat, and Raiment to  
put

put on : The Wise Man  
craved neither Power-  
tie, nor Riches ; but  
Conuenience onely. I  
will make that enough to  
me, which God hath gi-  
uen mee with a sparing  
hand. God saw no more  
was good for mee, he ther-  
fore gave mee no more.  
Whether God gives little,  
or much, he gives for the  
best. Better is a little  
with the Feare of  
the Lord, than great  
Treasure, and trou-  
ble therewith. Or lay

my Estate be not e-  
nough to my Will; I  
can make my Will e-  
nough to mine Estate:  
Namely, while it an-  
swers not mee accor-  
dingly; I can accor-  
dingly apply my selfe  
to it. Hee that cannot  
make his owne enough;  
will never haue enough,  
though all were his owne.

Mee thinks I yet see  
how Crates threwe his  
Gold into the Sea: And  
heare how Phocion told  
Alexander, that himselfe  
was richer, who needed  
not his great Gift, than  
was

was hee who gaue it :  
And thinkes how Fabri-  
cian thought it a King-  
dome, to contemne the  
Wealthe of a King. These  
knew Gold and Siluer  
was but an elaborate  
Dust; Wealth was but a  
toylesome Heape ; and  
all manner of Riches,  
not such as their owne  
Worth, but the Errours  
of men had prized, and  
brought into request.  
This vnaecessary Trash  
(they knew, & proued)  
was but an impediment  
to Virtue ; and an in-  
citemant to Euill: They

X 3 there-

therefore (whole best  
Vertues, were but the  
best Vices) despised that  
for Vertues sake, which  
they knew to be the  
matter and meanies to  
Vice. Did the Nations  
abhorre, and doth Israel  
adore the Golden Idol?  
Is Menys lesse Earth and  
Drosse, than it was of  
old; or are Menys affecti-  
ons now become more vile  
and earthly? Haue Chris-  
tians more neede of  
Wealth, than had Pagans?  
Nay haue they not a nec-  
erer, safer, fuller Prudi-  
dence within, than haue  
they

they that were, and are without? How is it now; they preferre the things of this Life before them; that had neither the Knowledge, nor Hope of another and better Life?

To leauie and contemne the Wealth of the World, is an ordinary Lesson of Philosophie: To beape and adore them then, can be no good Discursive. If Nature could teach Them to neglect them, because they did them no Good: Grace (mee thinkes) should the rather instruct mee not to regard

X 4 them,

there, because they doe  
more hurt: with S. Iohn  
Yea (as I say) doe me  
hurt: and more hurt,  
then for which a World  
can make amends. Both  
staine my Soule, and  
damne my Soule: and  
can a World now both  
wippe, and quit, this  
both Guilt, and Losse?  
*What shall it profit*  
*a Man, if hee*  
*shall gaine the whole*  
*World; and lose his*  
*owne Soule?* (saith  
H. B., that doth as much

as quite done, nor at her  
deth thus demand,) or  
what shall a man give  
in exchange for his  
Soule? An whole World  
(belike) is not worth a  
Soule; & if you were unwise  
then to hazard w my  
Soules, though it were  
for a world. I will tell  
the Worldling what he  
knows, and what he  
finds. Riches, losing the  
Soule: For a Man doth  
not lightly and easilly  
betraye his Soule, without  
himselfe and sinnes  
Wherof he can not  
redt      X<sup>5</sup>      Knrigb.

Unrighteous Mammon? but because Righteousness and Righteousness seldom goe together. But it is common to have Wealth and Wickedness at once. How gets a Man his Wealth, but by Fraud and Oppression? how spends it a Man: his Wealth, but upon his Pride and Lusts? That may indeed be said, that Righteousness is purchased by bad means, and employed in bad kinds. Riches are said by St. Paul to have made men and women bad in their

their Effects. He might  
have beeene Poore and In-  
nocent together; that is  
now growne both Guilty,  
and Rich. Is a man more  
good for his Goods? I  
will neuer think a  
Man the better for his  
Meanes; since (I see) it  
is the meanes to make  
him worse. But I must  
tell him withall, what I  
feare, and what hee  
would boorthe to finde:  
Riches damme the Soule.  
It is (woe, alwoe) true  
true. Before he beginnes  
his Gaine, he hath quite  
lost himselfe: yet con-  
sider

ders not, how he loseth  
all in the losse of him-  
self. The acquisition of  
his selfe was at the first  
sealed with the damna-  
tion of his Soule. Who  
but THINKE (the De-  
uill and his Angels)  
were to fetch away the  
Rich mans Soule ? He  
bidst you understand  
how headlong he bur-  
ries downe to Hell; that  
tells you how hardly he  
getteth up into Heauen.  
Sayinge *It is easier*  
~~for a Camel to go~~  
~~through the eye of a~~  
~~needle~~  
~~than for a~~  
~~Camel to go~~  
~~through the eye of a~~  
~~needle~~

needle; than for a  
Rich man to enter  
into the Kingdome of  
God. Briefly, He tells  
plainely of their Ble-  
mish and Vengeance  
together: They that  
will be rich fall into  
temptation, and a  
Snare; and into ma-  
ny foolish, and bur-  
full Lusts, which  
drown men in de-  
struction, and perdi-  
tion.

Ah

Ah but tis a miserie  
( me thinkes ) to bee  
poore: And there is ( wch  
say ) No Woe, to Want.  
The Parenthesis was  
well put in, both for the  
pith, and Truth of the  
Saying. Poverty is a  
Misery, but it is to them  
that so make it because  
they take it so. Poverty  
is no burden to him, that  
can bear it out: None  
feeleth the weight of it, but  
he that feareth to cumber  
goe it. Not troublesome is  
it to him that beares it,  
but to him that will not  
beare it. Nothing is hard  
dA

to a willing Mind: to an unwilling in nothing easie.  
Povertē is grievous to no man; but rather many a  
Man is so to it. This is the  
miserie of it, that a man  
will needs make it so to  
himselfe. I am wofully  
wretched, when I will  
not be otherwise per-  
suaded, but that I am  
so. In my Mindt, Hee's  
not poore, that would  
not be rich: & I and other  
lads suffice us nothing, & often  
craves not many things.  
Trussh, trussh! No man is  
poore indeede (but in  
consciē) is no Man rich.

He is Poore indeed; that  
cares go to rich. He is  
rich enough, that feares  
not to be Poore. Reach  
indeed to the Opinion  
of Men, and who is  
Rich ie But stoop to  
the Condition of Men,  
and who is Poore? Na-  
ture hath limited a Man  
to live with little; And  
shall a Man think him  
Poore when he hath not  
wherewithall no trans-  
gress Natures Boundes?  
There is a kind of  
Meaneesse, and Scant-  
ieesse you may call Maimt  
It is wher a poeple shalles

to call it Basenesse, and  
Beggery; a band to re-  
proach it so, and abhor  
it. and Men aduocate miscall,  
what shicy know not  
howre extreme. And as  
Children are scared at  
Bugge-beares, and fa-  
bled or fained Hob-  
goblins: so Fooles sic  
this Ghostly and gaſtly  
apearantg Poverty by  
Fire and Water, Sea and  
Land. Let others thinkt  
Poverty a woſfull mi-  
ſery; I will deeme it (as I  
well proue it) an happy  
Security. The Poore  
Man, he does no hurt;

he

he fears no hurt : He  
is not envied, nor hated,  
nor cursed; incurs not  
the treacherous Enni-  
ties of Men : He sings  
and dances before the  
Thieves; sleeps safe and  
soundly under every  
bridge. Nothing hath  
he, he fears to lose; and  
lies so low, as whence  
he cannot fall. I should  
therefore like Poverty  
the better; because it is  
less obnoxious to  
Fear, and Loss. Who  
would still trouble him to  
possess Riches; that must  
once be more troubled in  
their

their Loss? It is safer  
great deale, not to Haue  
than to Losse. And bee  
farre morrie, whom For-  
tune never respeched, than  
whom she hath now for-  
saken. The Letter Paue,  
I am Greater, than  
whom Change, or  
Chance may indam-  
aged. But say Poverty were  
worse than it is ; and I  
poorer than I am : I am  
not oþer than Others,  
yea and my Betteris haue  
likewise beeene. What  
should I tell of poore  
Kings, Prophets, Apo-  
stles,

He, Fathers, Saints ?  
Christ himself was  
Poore : borne of a poore  
Woman, brought forth  
in a poore Stable, lapt  
in poore Cloots, laid in  
a poore Manger, liued  
a poore Life : He, evyn  
he hungered, he wanted,  
he had not wherewith  
to pay the Due ; he had  
nor whercom to lay his  
Head. Now Womme of  
Earth, how is it thou  
conitest so to be rich, fitb  
the God of Heaven and  
Earth, was so willing to  
be Poore. What was there  
in the World, was worthy

of

of God ? What cared he  
then for the worth of a  
World ? Why would hee  
want these T<sub>h</sub>ings of  
ours ? but to tell us, that  
we our selves might well  
bee without them : Why  
contemne them ? but to  
teach us not to desire  
them. My SAVIOVR  
cared not to bee rich,  
feared not to bee Poore;  
to bid me not trouble  
my selfe with so need-  
ieſſe Feares, and Cares.

One thing is, (let the  
World doe the worst  
with me) I cannot liue  
poorer, than I was  
Borne.

Borne ; and so must  
die. Naked (said the  
poore man) came f  
out of my Mothers  
Wombe, and naked  
shall I returne thi-  
ther. And the Wise  
man; As he came  
forth of his mothers  
wombe, naked shall  
be returne to goe as  
he came : and shall  
take nothing of his  
Labour, which bee  
may carry away in

his hand : In all  
points as he came, so  
shall hee goe ; and  
what profit hath he,  
that hath laboured  
for the Wind? Come  
naked, Goe naked ;  
Bring nothing, Carry  
nothing : To what pur-  
pose then doe Men get  
and gather those things  
which they once had  
not ; and once must not  
haue ? These things of  
ours, herc only we haue  
them ; and wee leave  
them herc. Said I of  
Ours ?

Ours : How are they  
Qurs, which at first were  
not so ; and at last shall  
not so be ? That is ours,  
which we bring with  
vs ; but that anothers,  
which we get vnto vs :  
That is Ours, which we  
keepe with vs ; but that  
anothers, which wee  
leauē behinde vs. That is  
a mans Owne, which is  
not added to a Man ;  
which is not taken from a  
Man ; which is not one  
mans more than anothers.  
A Mans Soule is a mans  
owne : Riches are not so.  
Ob hazzard not your  
owne,

owne, to haue the Things  
that are not yours! He  
fistly calleth them un-  
certaine Riches.

They vncertaine to vs;  
and we likewise to  
them. They Vncertaine:  
Now ours, now others;  
now gotten, now gone.  
Nothing is Certaine in  
Riches, but uncertainty.  
So He expressly; Riches  
Certainly make  
themselves Wings,  
They fly away, as an  
Eagle towards Hea-  
uen. An Eagle flies

Y s.d.

Iuddenly; fates fvvittlye;  
So are Riches gone ins-  
stantly, gone irreconcil-  
ably. These things of ours,  
they goe from vs by more  
wayes than one. Either  
thy Fadre of them selues;  
or we Consume them;  
or others Deprive vs of  
them. Our Food is sub-  
iect to putrefaction; our  
Garmments to the Moth,  
and fretting; our Gold  
and Siluer to the rust  
and canker; our Lands  
to barrenesse and bar-  
renesse; and our Hou-  
ses to rotteneſſe and  
ruine. Firc may devoure  
them,

burne; Water; Scallions  
them; Enemis spoile  
them, or Theeuws pur-  
loyne them. O vaine  
Man! How is it thou now  
trustest in a thing so  
vaine? Trust not in  
uncertaine Riches:  
See not thine eyes  
upon the Thing that  
is ~~now~~ <sup>yea</sup>, but necessary  
to One, and All of you:  
Lay not up for your  
selues Treasures up-  
on Earth, where  
Moth and Rust doth  
borrow Y 2 cor-

corrupt; and where  
Theeues breake thos-  
row and steale: But  
lay up for your selues  
Treasures in Hea-  
ven, where neither  
Moth and Rust doth  
corrupt, and where  
Theeves do not break  
thborow and steale.  
We also are uncertaine:  
Did not Riches leaue  
vs: yet fault we leaue  
them at last. Death is  
not drawne to partiali-  
tie; nor can she be cor-  
rupted:

inspected. Gold and Silver  
would not hire her to  
wkhle at the Wealthy.  
As did the Poore Man:  
so did the Rich. Since  
knockers ready, and  
equally at the Kings, as  
at the Beggers Doore.  
Death (when he comes)  
comes now to take his  
Wealthe from the Rich  
man; but rather the  
Rich man from his  
Wealthe. That Rich man  
con had laid vp enough  
in store for many  
yeares: but that Night  
They (Death and the  
blouf Y; Deuill)

Devil has fechtemay  
 his Sould in His Gode  
 wate yclaid yps but his  
 Soule deuot was fetteh  
 awaie. & Troublesse yea  
 god Wilesse. Wretchesse  
 was. & Troublesse, with þis  
 (douyng, ghe) Rebuke  
 dacees of Fresh) wher laid  
 yps for so many yeres  
 Wilesse; and consider  
 ring how (for his owne  
 Frailty) he could not  
 praye for righteounesse  
 to himselfe. b. If þis were  
 end shold I lay yps for  
 many Yeres; when I  
 am not tare, my yeres  
 shall bee many? Why  
 & Dcaili)

Should I so greedily get  
That to me which I  
know not how readily  
I may be fetcht from,  
or it from me ? Where-  
fore should I provide  
for so long, when my  
Journey is not farr? The  
little I haue, may (for  
what I know) outlast  
my Life. I haue (I know)  
but a little way Home;  
and I doe not meane to  
make a Burthen of my  
Provision. b I could  
haue my Shooe but fix-  
ted to my Foot; a Cloake  
too large or long,  
would butt me to  
the gods Y 4 trauell

trauchlin. It is to Live, as  
to Swinno ; easiest for  
him that is the lightest. So  
I Haue sufficient for to  
Day ; let to Morrow  
take care for it selfe  
Why should my Care  
be for the Morrow,  
which I am more sure the  
Morrow shall be mindest  
He that likes not my  
Resolution, let I him  
read my Wantant, and  
vnderstand it. Take  
no thought for the  
Morrow ; for the  
Morrow shall take  
Housu + Y thought

I thought for the  
THings of it selfe.  
Sufficient vnto the  
Day is the Euill  
thereof. I doe not  
meane to make it the  
worke to me, by ad-  
ding mine owne vnto  
it. Neither will I riot  
and wast, because I may  
die to Morrow: nor yet  
Courte and letape, be-  
cause to Morrow may  
be mine to live. Heretofore  
so soch as the THings of  
the World, as if he were to  
Die now; so spares, as if  
he were to Live yet. the  
same

same vses the World, as  
if he vsed it not : And is  
richer in the Inioyment of  
a small Portion ; than is  
the other in the Keeping  
of the largest Heape, vch i  
Churchly Death, (thou  
faist) and therather so, to  
threaten vew & Separation  
betwixt Thee & Thine  
than betwixt Thee and  
thy Selfe. Thou irkest  
lesse (I know) by Body  
and Soulcs finall Dissolu-  
tion, than by Mind &  
Monies least Division.  
Thou art married to thy  
MAMMON : ty'd in  
Knot unto it, which  
Death

Death onely must vnde. Thou art one with  
thy Wealth ; and certe  
thou wilt not be couen-  
tous, thou wilt not be  
Hugge thy Heapes yet a  
while ; and kisse euery  
Face of thy Coyne :  
Where thy Treasure is,  
there let thy Heart yet  
be : Death shall scatter  
thy Treasure, when she  
hits thy Heart. Whilc  
thou thinkst on what  
thou hast laid vp ; that  
*Night*(thou thinkst not  
on) shall come. Then  
shall their Heape stay  
behinde thee ; and their  
Guilt

Gvilemonclayshall god  
 with his deth. That the  
 Morleys more bact shall  
 than cheahis. Monro  
 tans, ston with uall  
 Hnagge rhy Haabes aet a  
 waples; and fylle certey  
 fasse of rhy Coxue:  
 Whate rhy Tresure is  
 spere ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~for~~  
 PC: Dcav, if Hnagge  
 rhy Tresure, wchou ife  
 riss rhy Hear. Whiche  
 wikk ou wikk  
 Nysar lypot shikkou  
~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~  
 Rely rhy Haabes ify  
 perhuse rhy; and chon  
 Cuny.

## *Distractions.*



*Break this Stone,  
There lieth One;  
No matter for his Name.  
But base by Birth;  
He once kept Earth:  
And now Earth keepes the same.  
For all his Store,  
He was but Poore;  
Even wanting what he had:  
Making himselfe  
A Slave to Pesse;  
No Slave so base, so bad.  
His boughts were caring,  
Carcase sparing;  
To pamper up his Puise:  
He kin'd a Hogge;  
Did like a Dogge:  
And's gone with many a Curse.  
His Mind was Gold;  
His Corps is Mould;  
Which now lies rotting here:  
This, with the Duff,  
That, and the Russ,  
Shall once againe appeare.  
God, Friends, and Health,  
Were all to Wealth  
Neglected, and Contemned:  
Wherefore to Devils;  
Foes, Woes, and Ruills;  
Hee's iustly now Condemned.*